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Harvey: A Case History

April McCleary

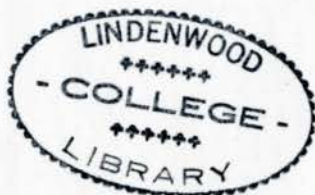
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HARVEY: A CASE HISTORY

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirement for
the degree of Master of Arts, Lindenwood Colleges



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NOTE: Certain illustrations left illegible in the copying process have been traced over in areas with a pen.

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This is the story of Harvey and his life with art therapy. It is not an account of a miraculous cure. Rather, it is a somewhat confused and convoluted case which raises questions about the efficacy of art therapy, or any other therapeutic modality, in treating chronic schizophrenia.

I have chosen Harvey's case to write about because it represented the confluence of two of my major interests - the Jungian approach to symbols and Jungian archetypes applied to psychosis. I found Harvey's situation instructive, in that it pointed out the way that it points up the advantages and limitations of these methods.

INTRODUCTION

The case history is divided into three parts: a life history of Harvey up to the time of his first hospitalization, a description of our sessions together, and an analysis of the material presented in the sessions.

Unfortunately I had only two sources of information in writing the history - one was Harvey's chart (and for this reason the history may resemble the impersonal histories in hospital records), the second was Harvey's mother. Harvey himself would not discuss his history, explaining that it was "all in the past". So except for a comment or a story from time to time, I had no direct information on most of his early life. The information I did get from his mother was confusing, because it often disagreed with what his mother or the hospital records said. That Harvey lied was obvious at times. But talking to his mother I also learned that her mind tended to wander, various

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events were misplaced in time, and emotional involvement in the situation prevented her from seeing things objectively. For instance, like many parents she tended to emphasize factors external to the family in explaining Harvey's psychosis.

I began, too, to doubt the objectivity of the chart notes of several of the staff, when they showed strong negative feelings about Harvey. Two staff members also had a tendency to blame drug use for a wide range of psychological conditions. These two were convinced that Harvey took psychedelic drugs regularly, and that he had suffered brain damage from this usage. Harvey denied currently using drugs, and since he was very open to me about his past drug use, and I did not moralize to him about it, I saw no reason for him to lie to me.

Following the history, I describe my sessions with Harvey in chronological order. This is a straight forward rendering of what he drew or painted, what we said, what my perceptions and conclusions were at the time, as well as my motivations, doubts, and questions. In this section I give mainly the interpretations that occurred to me at the time.

The final section of the thesis attempts a more coherent view of Harvey's symbolic system. I discuss Harvey in connection with the works of two Jungians, two books by John Weir Perry, The Far Side of Madness and Roots of Renewal in Myth and Madness, and an article by Jeffrey

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Satinover, "The Narcissistic Basis of the Puer and Puella Personality Structure". I had read Perry's books before my work with Harvey, but only read Satinover's article afterwards.

A word on my use of the Tarot during our work. Discovery that Harvey and I both had an interest in this symbolic system was an early basis for rapport between us, and was useful in exploring our separate understandings of various symbols. Harvey was more relaxed during a Tarot reading than in discussing his own pictures. This was partly because a reading enabled him to remain passive. But he would accept statements from me in interpreting the Tarot that he would not accept from me directly. I think he felt protected by the medium of the cards, less revealed than in his pictures. In addition, he was open to communications from "the beyond", as he called it. It was from "the beyond" that he expected his healing to arrive.

A Tarot reading is in many ways similar to an art therapy session. Though, obviously, the pictures on the cards are not directly the querant's products, except in the sense that he has chosen the cards. Before my work with Harvey I had described in a short paper an art therapy technique using the cards. I had suggested that the person study a card to which he felt an affinity, close his eyes and perform Jungian "active imagination", and then draw a picture of his own images which had arisen

in relation to the card. Harvey had already, before I met him, practiced the first two steps of this process. The symbolism of the Tarot was melded with his own personal symbolism. The third part of the process, the production of pictures, enabled us to see in what way this was happening.

I must admit that although the Tarot is a magnificent Rorschach test, allowing many projections and many interpretations, I also personally believe that it is an oracle, that a given reading is saying something specific, although within that range of specificity various shades of interpretation are possible. The question of how it works does not particularly concern me. It seems there are many natural phenomena which are not explained, and may never be.

Finally, I should give a brief picture of the conditions under which Harvey and I worked together. He was a patient in a large federal hospital where I was doing a four month field placement. The hospital had lost its accreditation, and had an inspection for reaccreditation during my last week. So during the entire time I was there, most of the staff were struggling with even more paper work than usual in preparation for that day.

At first I felt that I was invisible on the ward, at least to the staff. I was the first art therapist they had encountered, and there was a certain amount of ignorance and skepticism as to what art therapy could do.

However, they were gradually converted as they saw in case presentations and by my notes in the charts the special insights that art therapy could give.

Eventually I regarded the staff as friendly, hard working and competent, though their approach was very different from my own. They were fairly conventional - Freudian and behaviorist in the main, and great believers in anti-psychotic drugs, while for my own views, I was more indebted to Jung and Laing. This difference in outlook set the tone of my interactions with the staff. I felt to some extent in alien territory. I saw my supervisor once a week, and the rest of the staff in meetings. In the main I worked on my own.

The hospital in many ways lived up to every cliché about state hospitals. The buildings were very old and crowded. Patients slept in dormitories at night and except for brief periods were locked out of them during the day. This left them in the stuffy day rooms with their cigarette haze and continual televisions and radios blaring away, or the halls which connected the men's and women's sides of the ward. There were screened porches off the day rooms which could be used in warm weather. Patients were heavily medicated and spent their time dozing, sprawled in chairs and on couches. Harvey staked out a couch which seemed to become his. When he was in a down swing I could always find him there, when he was up

he would be pacing the halls.

There was no special place for art therapy. At first I used an empty seclusion room, but later it was almost always occupied and feces smeared on the wall made it an unpleasant place to work. Sometimes Harvey and I worked on one of the screened porches, but this gave little privacy. More often, we worked in a corner of the woman's dormitory which had a desk, a light, and a few chairs. Even here, people occasionally walked through. Since I had to carry art supplies with me, I kept materials simple.

The hospital's atmosphere was oppressive, to say the least. It took time for me to evolve a way of working there. And we had very little time, only four months. In some ways it was lonely for me (it was certainly lonely for Harvey) since I felt intellectually isolated. Harvey picked up on this. He said he had heard a rumor that I was the only person doing therapy on the ward, but that I didn't have any power. I felt that I had a certain amount of inner power but no way to connect it to the environment. Power, at any rate, was not what was needed. The several times when Harvey and I communicated clearly all of this seemed irrelevant.

Harvey is a thirty seven year old white male from an
affluent Protestant background. He is sturdy, of average
height, with reddish blond hair and blue eyes under
heavy eyebrows. His father is a businessman, aged sixty
eight. His mother is a nurse, aged fifty five. There
are three siblings. Harvey has an older brother who is
an accountant in Michigan, a younger brother who is an
executive with a government agency, and a younger sister
who is a lawyer in New England. Harvey is the only member
of the family who has manifested any mental illness.

HARVEY'S HISTORY

Harvey feels he had a normal childhood and was a
"good child", though he says he fought with his mother.
He often mentions her having beat him when he had mis-
behaved. His mother describes him as a child who was
"wonderful, warm, caring, but competitive". She denies having caused him
any problems, saying instead that she worried about his
future.

Harvey was ahead of his age group at school, and when
he was twelve he was sent to a public school where he worked
hard to get into Harvard. At Exeter he drove himself even
harder, and his sole ambition was to go to Harvard. It
was the only university to which he applied. His mother
was very proud about him during this time and at
Exeter, where he was "labeled as a genius", and Harvey
felt that he was "labeled as a genius".

Harvey is a thirty seven year old white man from an affluent protestant background. He is stocky, of average height, with reddish blond hair and blue eyes under bushy eyebrows. His father is a businessman, aged sixty eight, his mother a sixty nine year old housewife. There are three siblings. Harvey has an older brother who is an accountant in Michigan, a younger brother, who is an executive with a government agency, and a younger sister who is a lawyer in New England. Harvey is the only member of the family who has manifested any mental illness.

Harvey feels he had a normal childhood and was a "model child", though he says he fought with his mother. He often mentions her having beat him when he made mistakes practicing piano. His mother describes him as having been "wonderful, warm, curious, but competitive beyond normal limits." She denies having caused this competitiveness, saying instead that she worried about his pushing himself too hard.

Harvey was ahead of his age group at school, and when he switched from a public to a private school he worked hard to get into Exeter. At Exeter he drove himself even harder, since his sole ambition was to go to Harvard. It was the only university to which he applied. His mother says she was worried about him during this last year at Exeter, that he seemed "tense and withdrawn", and Harvey himself dates his psychosis back to this time.

When Harvey's mother drove him to Harvard at the beginning of his freshman year, he seemed unusually nervous and upset. He asked her to leave immediately. During his first year in college Harvey stopped going to classes or doing any school work and totally immersed himself in the Ban the Bomb movement. At one point he and a friend scraped some money together and flew to New Zealand to escape what they considered to be imminent nuclear catastrophe.

During this time, Harvey's mother received a request for permission for her son to take experimental drugs in a seminar taught by Dr. Timothy Leary. She refused. But when her husband went to Cambridge to take his son home at the end of the year he found him in what she described as "a pad loaded with drugs".

After Harvey was taken home, he seemed to his parents agitated, incoherent, and increasingly aggressive. He walked on the beds with muddy shoes, threw a rock through a plate glass window, and finally gave his mother a black eye. His parents called the police, who took him to a hospital. Harvey's long career as a mental patient had begun.

Since Harvey's first hospitalization in 1961 he has been in at least twenty five mental hospitals from coast to coast. There have been forty separate hospitalizations. The pattern that he has established is to get

himself admitted by manifesting some eccentric or aggressive behavior and then go into a "holding pattern", insisting that for whatever reason he can't get decent therapy in the hospital in question, so he will wait until the next one to make any effort. Often he will sign himself out against medical advice or escape, only to pull a dramatic stunt to make sure he gets back in. Once, for example, he told the Secret Service he was going to assassinate President Ford. This got him on the front page of The New York Times and, as he explained, embarrassed his parents greatly.

His relationship to his parents shows the same pattern of ambivalence as his trips in and out of hospitals. Harvey says he hates his mother. He has threatened to throw his father off a roof, to attack him with a razor, and to gouge his eyes out with a key. Many of his eccentric actions are devised to embarrass his parents. His most recent hospitalization was precipitated by his sunbathing nude on the porch of his parent's apartment, in February. This pattern extends to others. When a private psychiatrist refused to see him any more, because of his manipulateness, Harvey invaded a convention where the man was speaking and went up on stage during his presentation, giving an impromptu speech about satellites until the police came.

On the other hand, Harvey keeps his parents, particularly his mother, coming to see him at the hospital, bringing him food and magazines (which he doesn't read),

giving him money, and always taking him back into their home after his escapades. A long line of various sorts of therapists over the years have advised the family to disassociate themselves from Harvey and let him make it on his own, but they still cling to him and take the often hostile treatment he deals them. Now they are at least trying to separate themselves from him legally, since they have run through two health insurance policies and quite a bit of their own money paying for his hospitalizations. Harvey's father was previously retired, but has returned to work.

Harvey uses his parent's status as a source of prestige, continually referring to the important people that they know and in general to his exalted background. In addition, he makes numerous long distance phone calls which he bills to his parents. He calls the White House, embassies, and various corporations around the country and brags about the calls to other patients. He feels superior to most of the staff and patients. At times he has flashed keys and told new patients that he was a staff member. He is also an overt racist, making raucous racial slurs about other patients, sometimes to their faces.

Sex is important to Harvey. He says he first took LSD because of problems he had in relating to women, and in knowing "how to seduce them". He says that because

he had gone to an all boy's school he felt barriers between himself and women which he wanted to remove. He adds that he had homosexual experiences in high school but that he is heterosexual. He has also told me of more recent homosexual experiences. During part of my time in working with him, Harvey complained of impotence.

Harvey receives SSI (a form of welfare) when he is not in the hospital. He has never had a job, though he took a course on video at the Smithsonian, and helped teach a course there on video for children. At times he calls himself Harvey Video. In his manic phases, Harvey brags of various jet set business deals which he claims to have in the works, such as selling communications satellites to the People's Republic of China.

During his various hospitalizations, Harvey has usually been labelled either manic depressive or schizophrenic. His current diagnosis is schizophrenia, schizoaffective type. He becomes hypomanic at times and can be demanding, overactive, irritable, sexually offensive, manipulative, and hostile. His chart lists him as showing "flight of ideas, poor reality contact, small attention span, and pressure of speech." He is at times dangerous. Once on the ward, he held a lighted match near a social worker's hair.

One psychologist sees signs of brain damage in his rigid walk and verbal repetition. She attributes this to his LSD usage, though such a connection has never been demonstrated. This same psychologist labels him psychopathic.

Harvey is very drug aware, and insists that a combination of Lithium and Parnate are all he needs to correct his "biochemical condition". He rejects the idea that he might need any form of therapy. He says that when he was on Lithium and Parnate he felt wonderful, like he was in outer space. It was during this course of Lithium and Parnate that he threatened to throw his father off the roof.

His obsession with biochemistry is only one of Harvey's ways of denying any responsibility for his situation. Usually astrology explains why he is schizophrenic and his guru, Maharaji, is seen as the source of any potential cure. My familiarity with several of the religious and occult systems which give Harvey's life meaning and which also serve as a basis for his rationalizations has been one of my strengths in dealing with him.

I first met Harvey during my first day at the hospital. He was in the process of leaving, being discharged to a private psychiatric hospital, and was in and out of the office of Dr. A., a clinical psychologist who was his therapist and also my supervisor. Later he followed me down the hall, talking to me about the "seven sisters", the old companies and the colleagues, and giving me a group of pictures of himself and friends, covered with his own hands. I tried to return them to him, but he insisted that I keep them.

THE SESSIONS

Harvey often referred to this first meeting, which apparently made quite an impression on him. He said that he immediately felt that I was "someone special, different" and a "kindred soul". He also said that he thought I was beautiful and he was sexually attracted to me, referring to this in the process of saying that he no longer felt this attraction and that he considered this a loss. If he was angry at me at the moment, he referred to this first meeting by saying that he thought at the time I was different from the other staff, but that I really wasn't, that I was not the magical lady who would cure him.

The intensity of his first impressions of me suggested an oral projection. His discovery that he shared very common interests (music, religion, etc.) with me, plus the fact that I was a total unknown at the time, made me a good "host" for a projection.

I first met Harvey during my first day at the hospital. He was in the process of leaving, being discharged to a private psychiatric hospital, and was in and out of the office of Dr. R, a clinical psychologist who was his therapist and also my supervisor. Later he followed me down the hall, talking to me about the "seven sisters", the oil companies and the colleges, and giving me a group of pictures of himself and friends, covered with telephone numbers. I tried to return them to him, but he insisted that I keep them.

Harvey often referred to this first meeting, which apparently made quite an impression on him. He said that he immediately felt that I was "someone special, magical" and a "kindred soul". He also said that he thought I was beautiful and he was sexually attracted to me (usually referring to this in the process of saying that he no longer felt this attraction and that he considered this a loss). If he was angry at me at the moment, he referred to this first meeting by saying that he thought at the time I was different from the other staff, but that I really wasn't, that I was not the magical lady who would cure him.

The intensity of his first impressions of me suggested an anima projection. His discovery that we shared many common interests (occultism, oriental religions), plus the fact that I was a total unknown at the time, made me a good "hook" for a projection.

For myself, my own first reaction to Harvey was one of interest. In this hospital most patients were poor and black. In the mental health center where I had done a previous field placement the clients were all lower middle class rural whites. So, culturally, Harvey was different from anyone I had worked with, and closer to my own experience. He was also intelligent, humorous, and interesting. I soon grew to like him in spite of the frustrations often involved in being around him. I later became aware that Harvey was also a convenient screen for projecting a side of my own - that side which used religion as a means of rationalizing and avoiding responsibility.

When he reappeared on the ward, after readmission, Harvey began to follow me around, at a distance of about a foot. He explained that I was going to be his guru so he didn't want to miss anything. We sat down and talked together. At that point Harvey was extremely manic, so our conversations were even more disjointed than they were later.. He began to tell me about Guru Maharaji, whom he considers his master. When he remembered that I was a Buddhist, he told me that he was an incarnation of Kuan Yin (the feminine form the bodhi-sattva of compassion takes in China and Japan.)

I kept trying to get him to talk more specifically about himself and why he was in the hospital, and he

continued to deal with only the loftiest spiritual themes, quoting verbatim a letter from Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert) about cosmic planes, and reciting the injunctions of his guru that he professed to live by - meditation, love, and service. There was such an enormous gap between what he was preaching and his behavior on the ward, where he snubbed most of the other patients when he wasn't being overtly racist or hostile, that I felt a need to bring this up. I suggested that, although there was obviously a genuine element to his religious ideas and experiences, he was misusing them to rationalize and avoid dealing with his behavior.

Harvey was angry. I was surprised when he agreed with me. I tried to bring up something on a more earthly plane by asking if there was anything he felt guilty about. This was the wrong approach to take. For a moment he seemed speechless, then he gave a smile that was more like a leer and began to talk about a time he had robbed a bank. Then he hesitated, saying that was all in the past. He got up to leave, but promised that he would paint a picture the next time we met.

The next time he again followed me around the ward. He sat down and drew two "Birds of Paradise" or pheonixes, exactly the same. This was to be the basic picture he would draw over and over. (Figure 1.) It is a full

page linear drawing, sometimes with the lines filled in with color, a flowing body of a bird with a tiny eyeless head crowned with a flame, and wings which overlap in such a manner that it looks as if there is a hole in them. Actually, Harvey explains the "hole" as a place where two colors overlap and make another color. But the color changes are unusual. For instance, as two red wings overlap they make a green area. The birds he drew this first time also had three circles in the body, representing "sexual, power, and spiritual centers". There was a sun over their heads, and around them are telephone numbers of the Chinese embassy and various Chinese girlfriends.

In relation to the pictures, Harvey talked about an LSD trip he had had in 1972. He had looked in a mirror in the men's room at Lincoln Center and had come to the realization that his purpose in life was to devote himself to oriental women in general and Chinese women in particular. He said that he, as an American man, was too yang, and Chinese women were the most yin of all.

I mentioned that according to Jungian thought a man's unconscious was yin, and that although he must develop a relationship with it, to surrender himself to it would be ego suicide or psychosis. He agreed, in his bland manner, but immediately began flying off

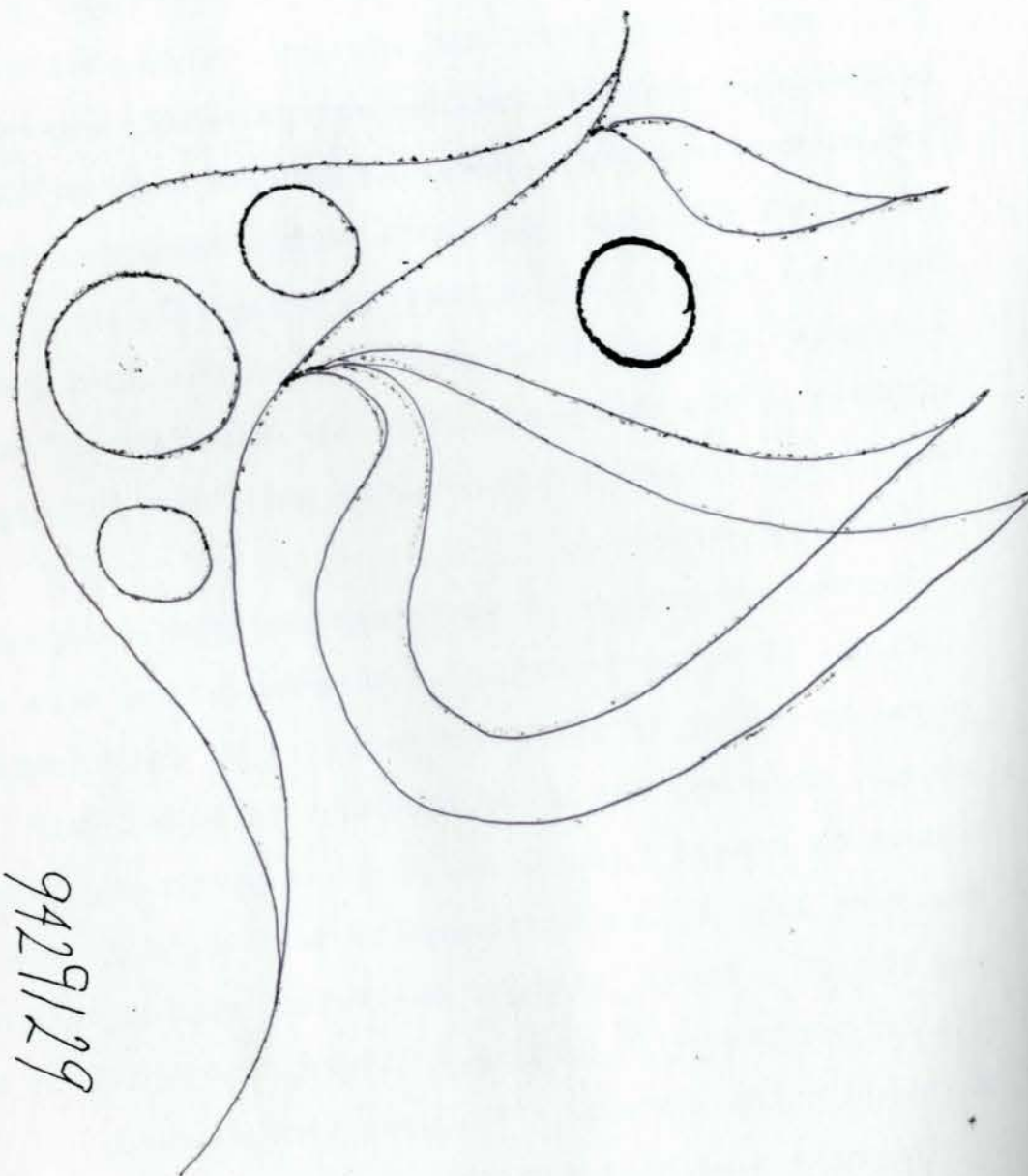


Figure 1

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to astral realms again and quoting Ram Dass's letter. The conversation was in many ways a repeat of the one the day before.

All I could tell about the phoenix pictures at this point was that Harvey somehow associated them to the anima. The cyclical death in ashes and birth in flames of the phoenix seemed an apt symbol for Harvey's manic and depressive phases. Later, this symbol and its meaning for Harvey became clearer to me.

Harvey's psychiatrist discussed him in a team meeting that afternoon. He said that Harvey used all kinds of street drugs. He had told Harvey's parents not to take him in. He thought Harvey might try to kill one of them, and he wanted to get him committed to a private psychiatric hospital. At that point Harvey was taking Haldol. The psychiatrist preferred to give him no drugs, but gave in to the objections of other staff members and continued the dosage.

The next day, Harvey was being discharged and looked extremely angry. I had no chance to talk to him before he left. During our supervisory session, Dr.R said that Harvey would doubtless be back. She emphasized again that his parents were playing into his game, that it was important for the staff to confront him continually and set limits for him. This seemed to be the approach I was taking anyway.

Sure enough, Harvey was back a day later. The other

hospital would not let him in as his insurance had almost run out. I asked him to do another picture, and he painted a mandala. (Figure 2.) Inside a purplish red outer circle was an orange star of David. I pointed out to him that the downward pointing or yin triangle was much bigger than the yang one. Surrounding the mandala were phone numbers, astrological notations which explained why he was psychotic and also why luck and his guru would cure him, and the beginnings of the words Divine Li(ght) - the name of Guru Maharaji's mission. Harvey said that the red color represented love and the gold the saffron of Buddhist robes, which he had used to please me.

I asked him for a self portrait, and he drew another bird of paradise, this time with only one center in its body, a very large power center. This seemed appropriate since Harvey was unusually manic and manipulative that day, using sexual innuendos and advances most effectively to keep me at a distance.

By the bird was written "Heaven" and a branch of a tree was drawn. First Harvey called it a eucalyptus tree, then changed it to a Bo tree (the tree under which the Buddha attained enlightenment). He could give no associations to these details.

I asked Harvey about his parents. He said that his mother used to make him practice the piano when he was a child and beat him when he made mistakes, but that his father was nicer and he identified with him. Then

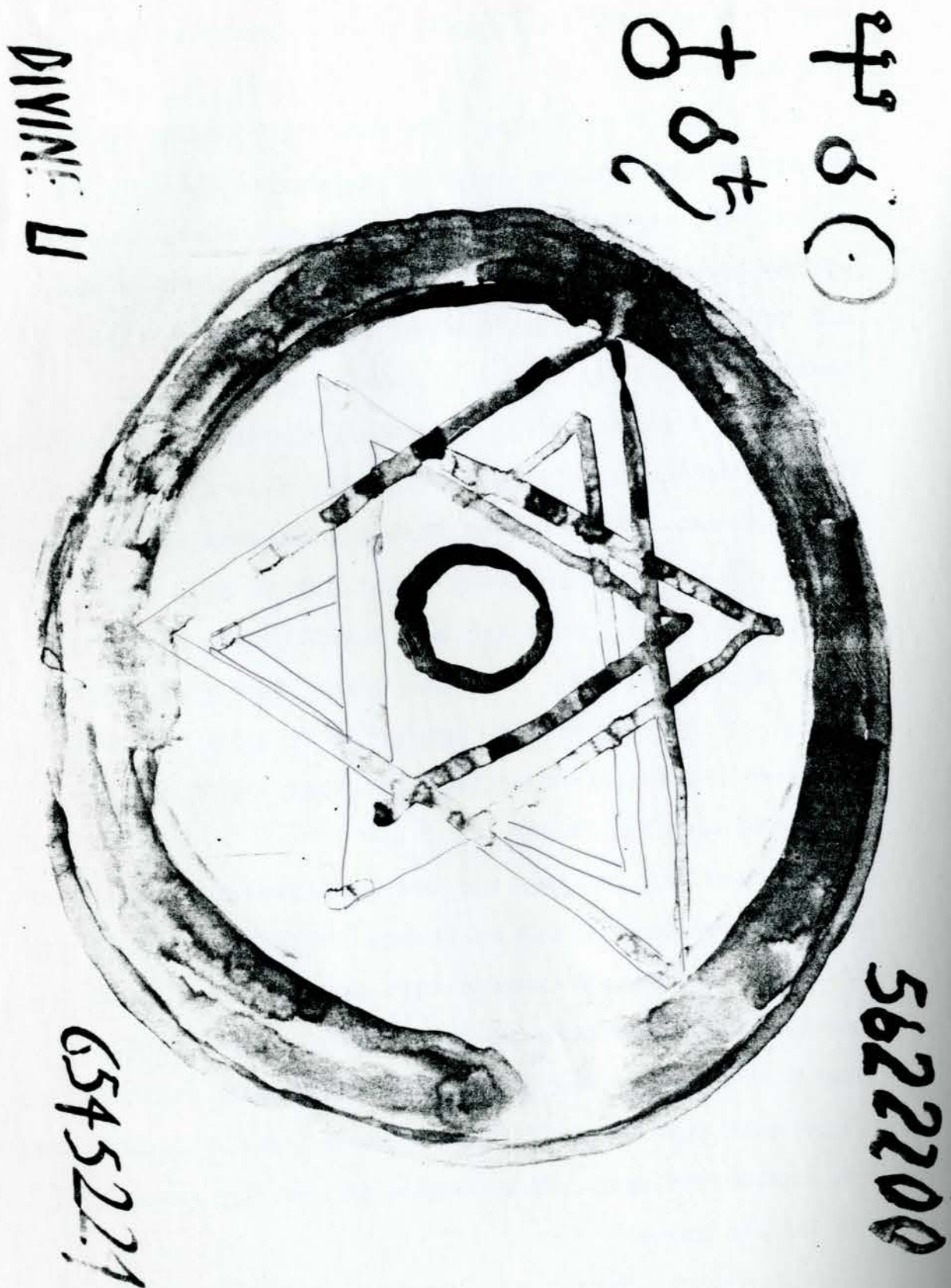


Figure 2

Harvey said that he loved women, beautiful women, that he had raped a woman and she liked it. He said he had an inferiority complex about his penis, that it was so small it was really a clitoris. He repeated that he must serve all women, particularly Chinese women. He said he was a sex maniac. He was rubbing his legs together and reached out to try to touch my leg. I brushed his hand away and told him I thought he was bullshitting me (which I did; there was a quality of put on to his behavior which is hard to communicate). I told him it was o.k. to show anger, but not physically.

I then asked him to do a self portrait, as a person, not an abstraction. Harvey said that he liked symbols. I suggested that he was using them to some extent to rationalize and avoid dealing with himself. I asked whether he wanted to spend the rest of his life in hospitals. He said he'd messed up his life. I said there was time left and he could find out why he ended up in hospitals and learn how to stay out of them.

Looking back on this session, I realized what a clear transition he was making from his hatred of his mother and feeling of castration (his penis being a clitoris) to the compensatory love of passive, yin, Chinese women, and then to sexual aggression. At that point I didn't interpret it to him, though I did later.

A week later Harvey escaped on a trip to the Air and Space Museum (one of his favorite places). He went

to the Divine Light Mission, Guru Maharaji's center, and they called the police. Apparently they had had experience with Harvey before. He was back in a few days.

During psychodrama that Monday, Harvey again directed his aggression towards me sexually. He came into the group and interrupted everyone to announce that he'd just called the White House. When I pointed out that he was trying to get attention and suggested that he give some of his attention to the other people in the group (at this point he never stayed at psychodrama unless he was the focus), he suggested that we "ball on the floor". Then he launched into an analysis of my character, saying that he liked me even though I was "weak" and "ethereal". He asked how much money I made (usually a sure hit in attacking therapists) but was disappointed to find I was a volunteer.

He came over and tried to sit in my chair with me, calling me "honey" in a sarcastic voice, delighted that he had made me angry. When I managed (barely) to keep my cool, he switched his attack to the protestant chaplain who was working with him, saying he had a "new honey". The message that confrontation could go both ways came through loud and clear.

The next time we had a session, I again asked him to do a self portrait. I was trying to get a sense of his self image apart from his inflated identification with various spiritual principles. This time he painted an



Figure 3

"astrological self portrait" - a Yin-Yang surrounded by signs of the zodiac. As I asked him to do a portrait of himself as a person, he said he would do a portrait of me. (Figure 3). It was a primitive face, coarse mask-like features, no eyeballs in the eyes, a pointed chin, and big shoulders. In contrast to his idealization of woman as yin, it was the portrait of a phallic, threatening woman.

I asked him whether he had a certain amount of hostility under his professions of "love and peace" and told him it was alright to be angry with me. At that point he denied having any anger at all. He said that people were violent to him, not the other way around. There was some truth in this. Several staff members seemed to me hostile to him. I myself experienced a frustration when confronting him that probably derived from a shadow projection and which made me increasingly uncomfortable with such confrontation. On the other hand, Harvey was evasive and manipulative and was difficult to work with. Most staff members seemed to give up after a while, either avoiding him, or, as his psychiatrist suggested, "showing contempt for him at every opportunity", as a "therapeutic tactic".

Harvey said that he was a victim of circumstances. He said that he was gradually getting better over time and that he would eventually be cured because of astrological inevitability or by Guru Maharaji's grace.

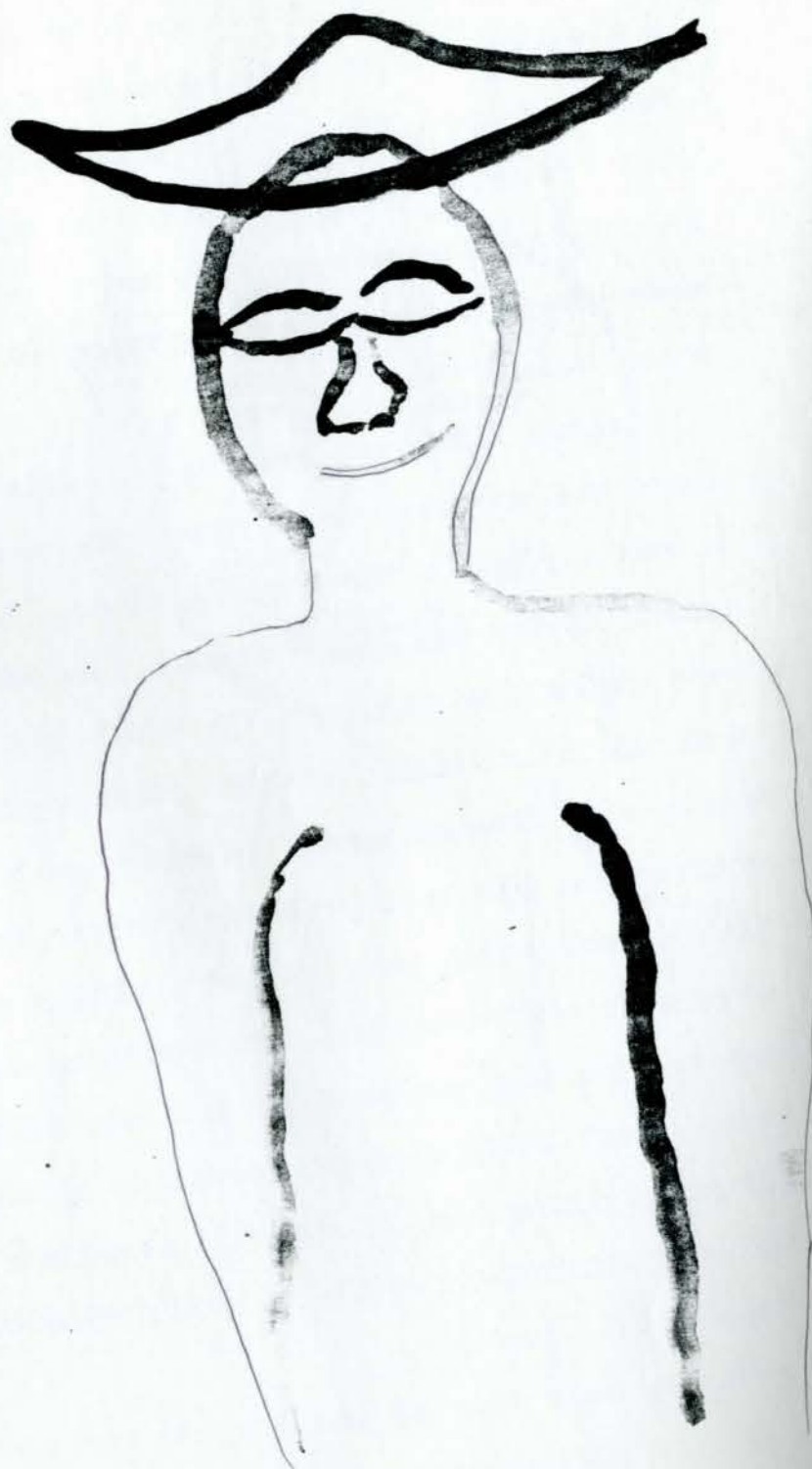


Figure 4

He had apparently been in hospitals up to a year and gone into a "holding pattern", avoiding therapy or change. I was beginning to understand how he did it, but not why.

During our next session, Harvey's mother showed up and I asked her to stay. Harvey seemed quite happy about the idea and went to get her a chair. I was hoping she would contribute so that I could get some idea about how they related to each other. She refused to do a picture and just sat quietly, listening to what we were saying. Every once in a while she would give me a wink, which I took to be a form of collusion - "you and I are sane and he isn't", or something to that effect. If I had consciously realized this was happening I would have commented on it, but unfortunately I did so only later. Since she was sitting behind him, Harvey didn't see the winks.

This time at my urging Harvey drew a self portrait. Perhaps the presence of his mother brought out added ego strength from a store which was symbiotic with her. In addition to portraying himself as a human, his signature declined in size on this picture, perhaps both signs of decreased inflation.

The figure (Figure 4) had primitive features similar to those of the portrait he had done of me the previous time. There was a large, false smile, and once again the eyes had no eyeballs. The arms were held

rigidly by the sides and had no hands. There was also a strange looking hat. When I asked Harvey's associations to it, he said it was the "golden helmet" from Rembrandt's painting "Man with a Golden Helmet". He said he had put it on so that he wouldn't have to show people his blond hair.

The metal hat struck me as an apt metaphor. Harvey's psychological defenses were metal hard. The fact that the helmet was gold pointed to the idealized and religious nature of these defenses, which surrounded his thoughts like a rigid carapace. And yet the helmet prevented one from seeing Harvey's own gold (blond) hair. So it in fact covered up his genuine worth. The false smile, almost a leer, which Harvey wore during a manic mood, was shown in the picture. It seemed an anxious smile. The rigid arms and missing hands of the picture were almost literally representative of his body armoring. He stood with his shoulders high, as if in a defensive posture, but with his arms hanging impotently by his sides. The missing hands in the picture seemed to indicate that Harvey could do almost nothing.

What particularly interested me, though, was the fact that Harvey drew the helmet on his head to protect his blond hair from view. It did not seem to be his negativity that Harvey was hiding, but his own ideas or potency as a person (which hair sometimes symbolizes), his identity. This was in spite of the fact that Harvey was spending a great deal of time on the ward trying to get

attention. Finally, the empty eyes indicated lack of insight into the whole situation.

Harvey did other pictures that day, two birds of paradise and an LSD molecule. One of the birds was orange, with three circles inside. The other was solid red, indicating anger, I believe, at the turn the conversation was taking at that point. His mother had confronted him about dropping names. Harvey defended himself quite effectively by pointing out that he had picked up the habit from his parents. He brought up the example of a Christmas card they had sent out showing themselves with a U.N. correspondent, a family friend. A point well taken, I agreed. At another time during the conversation, Harvey asked his mother to confirm that he had kept his room clean when he was living with his parents. She said "You were doing better". Harvey turned to me, "She never makes a positive statement about me". (If this was true, no wonder he seemed immune to confrontation.)

About this time, Harvey's outward behavior began to improve. His anxiety and manic moods decreased. Dr. R thought the fact that Harvey was in the hospital and wasn't getting out soon was the cause. The psychiatrist seemed to think the change in medication (to Lithium and Stelazine) was the cause.

After the session with his mother I saw Harvey in the hall and asked him if it had bothered him that she had been there. He said no, he enjoyed it because usually his mother was the center of attention and in the session

he had been. She was in his space. Before, he had spoken of his room at home and how nicely he kept it, and had said that as a Cancer he was a homebody. In his mind was the hospital the only reliable space he had? Harvey was perhaps more institutionalized than he seemed.

Harvey had often asked me to bring my Tarot cards. He had brought up the Tarot card The Empress in relation to the phoenix, had compared himself to The Hanged Man, Guru Maharaji to The Magician, and had been excited to discover that I had been studying Tarot for many years. When I brought the cards, he was delighted.

I gave him a reading using the Celtic Cross layout. The first card in the reading, which stood for Harvey himself in the situation, was the Nine of Swords. The card shows a woman with her face buried in her hands mourning in front of a coffin. This card suggests a person who is mourning for the past and is unable to look up and see the possibilities for change and growth which are right behind her in the shape of forms of the future. She is frozen in a state of ignorance and depression. Harvey said he identified with this card.

The second card, in the place of what surrounded the situation, was the Nine of Pentacles. The card shows a woman petting a peacock with a rather wistful look on her face. The woman is wealthy, but it does her no good, since she is unsatisfied in her life. The meaning is that money is simply money, and cannot provide for emotional or spiritual needs. Harvey and I both related this card

to his parents' wealth and the effect it had (in relation to the first card) of keeping him stuck in the past, trying to appropriate their status as his own and being stuck in their value system.

The third card, a rather mysterious one in this reading, was the Queen of Swords. Court cards can either stand for aspects of the person himself or people in the outer world. In this case both readings were possible. Swords are the suit of pain, suffering, and separation, but also the suit of discriminating intellect. The queen would represent a woman having these qualities, a certain sharpness of intellect and firmness of purpose on the positive side, and coldness or cruelty, at least an ability to inflict pain, on the negative side. Harvey associated this card to Dr. R, who used behavioral methods such as withholding eye contact or warmth from him to change his behavior and who had been extremely confrontational of late. She also hoped to have him committed so that he might finally take advantage of therapy.

On the other hand, I could see the queen as representing an aspect of Harvey's anima, which he was projecting onto this psychologist. He perceived her as cruel, threatening, and castrating, as his mother had been (or had been perceived). But she also contained in a paradoxical sense his own male, sword-like intellect which he had sacrificed in order to "devote himself" to all that was yin. The anima can be a soul guide, and the Queen of Swords

suggested an element of cold, clear insight, painful as it might be, which contrasted sharply with the feeling of the first two cards - being wrapped up in depression and grieving for the past and suffocated by a dream of wealth and security back in the womb of the family identity. The place of this card confirmed this, since it "crossed" the first two cards and operated counter to them.

The next card was the Nine of Rods, which shows a rather dull witted young man guarding nine staffs or rods. The place of the card was "the best that can be achieved at this time" and the meaning is that in this situation one is acting unconsciously, simply trying to maintain things in a mindless sort of way, doing the best one can without actually thinking about things.

This described Harvey's attitude of the moment exactly. With a commitment hearing coming up that concerned him greatly, he still avoided thinking about why he was in a hospital or how he could stay out of one in the future, but merely tried to maintain the status quo, while insisting that he wanted to get out as soon as possible. The give away was that far from being insulted by this card, Harvey seemed to find solace in the assertion that it represented "the best that could be achieved at this time".

The next card was in the place of being "beneath" him, which means that it represents a behavior that has occurred so much that it has become a part of him. The card was the ace of swords. Aces represent the potentiality and

energy of the whole suit, and so this card would epitomize all the traits, negative and positive, which were described in relation to the Queen of Swords, and suggested that such traits were a part of Harvey himself.

To the positive side of the sword suit, discriminating intellect, Harvey associated his superior performance at Exeter. He also said that when he was on Lithium and Parnate he had been amazed to find that he could read Einsteinian physics and understand it. He had read a book on non-euclidian geometry which he had enjoyed greatly. Now he said his attention span was too short to read. I encouraged him to try, saying that was how he could improve it. At any rate, Harvey was aware that reason was a faculty he had once had, which was lost but potentially retrievable.

The next card was in the position of "leaving the situation" and was a major arcana (archetypal rather than personal level) card called Justice. Cards in Tarot readings take their meanings not in isolation, but in relation to the cards which surround them on either side. In this case Justice showed one of its more mechanical sides, justice as fate (or more exactly, karma). This is the idea that even if you are not operating consciously, what you sow you will reap. The relationship of Justice to the next card, Temperance, in the place of a force coming into the situation, made this clearer.

Temperance is a card of moderation, of conscious control of behavior and responsibility of action. To Harvey I explained the meaning of these two cards (Justice and Temperance) as a need to stop seeing everything that happened to him as due to fate - biochemistry, Guru Maharaji, or astrology, and to use his discriminating intellect (swords) in an attempt to put some meaning and order in his life and take some responsibility for himself, so that he could get out of the hospital and stay out.

Harvey totally identified with the next card (Justice and Temperance had seemed only to worry him), which was in the place of how he saw himself. The card was the ten of pentacles, and shows a couple entering through an arbores gateway into the grounds of a castle which will be their home. By them stands a little boy. The man and woman have their backs turned, looking into the picture towards the castle, but the little boy turns and looks towards you because he will have to make his own home eventually. Harvey immediately said that he was the little boy.

It bothered him, he said, when he saw all that his parents had which should have been his, but would not be. They didn't even bring him money any more. He said that if he got out of the hospital he would have to find a very humble place to live and establish a humble mode of living, and that if he couldn't have things the way

he wanted them he'd rather not have them at all. I found this admission unusually candid, if self destructive. It certainly underlined the significance of the first two cards.

The next card was in the place of "influences from family, friends, and environment" and was The Magician, a card which Harvey identified with Guru Maharaji. In this case, his reading was probably correct. The Magician is the first card of the major arcana (archetypal cards), except for The Fool, which is numbered 0 and is considered to come first and last. The Magician stands under an arbor with a sign of infinity over his head. On a table in front of him are signs of all four suits, which are his to manipulate. The Magician is male creative energy as it decides the forms that things will take in any given universe, world, or situation. One could visualize The Magician as God as he paused before he said "Let there be light," and decided what his plans were for the next week. Since Harvey claimed to see Maharaji as an avatar, or god incarnate, and capable of curing him and releasing him from the hospital at any moment, the connection was obvious. The place of the card in the reading confirmed this influence as coming from the outside, but the import of the Tarot system in general is that even the forces of the major arcana must be seen as psychological realities and integrated into the personality as a whole. The fact that this self symbol was seen entirely as an outside influence I

perceived as part of Harvey's pathology.

Harvey's association to the next card was somewhat more mundane, to say the least. The card was in the place of "what you hope for and fear", and the card was the eight of rods, which shows eight rods protruding from the periphery of the card into view against a barren landscape. The traditional reading of the card concerns events which are beginning to intrude themselves into the periphery of one's awareness, without yet being discernable. This made sense to Harvey with his commitment hearing coming soon.

However Harvey's association to the card was "the big, black phalluses which surround my bed every morning when I get up", and which he said he desired and feared. He recalled a homosexual experience with a black man which he had had once on an LSD trip. This experience had caused in him the same mixture of revulsion and attraction. Was this his way of seeking "the sword" and incorporating it into himself? Phallic men were apparently less threatening to him than phallic women.

On the last card, the "outcome" card, the Tarot seemed to indulge itself in a bit of irony. The four of rods shows the view through an archway of a little country house. The meaning is finding one's own home, a place of being where one belongs. Was this the "humble dwelling" which Harvey said he would live in if he separated from

his parents, or did the card imply that he was going to be committed, and find a "home" in the hospital? At one point in discussing the latter possibility, Harvey made a slip and said "what I want", rather than the opposite. Part of him craved this kind of home, where he might be able to meet himself. At any rate, space in a hospital was the only kind he had ever managed to secure for himself. I hoped that if he were committed there would be some kind of continuing therapy which would benefit him. Therapy, other than "drug therapy" was rare in that hospital.

During the reading, Harvey seemed unusually willing to talk, bringing up subjects that he would have avoided a month before. He repeated, though, that he had the disease of schizophrenia, a biochemical condition, and that it had been cured at another hospital with Lithium and Parnate. I asked him about his having threatened his father, which had happened during this "cure", and he replied "My ego ran away with me."

Harvey appeared at psychodrama one day soon after with his arm around a patient, hugging and kissing her and saying that they wanted to get married. They had been spending most of their time together. Barbara, an M.D., was closer to Harvey in background than most of the other patients, and the two of them shared a reputation among the staff of being the two most manipulative patients.

Harvey said that he had to get a job so that she would marry him. What happened in the group was interesting because it was contrary to what usually happened with Harvey. In this situation no one confronted him, everyone acted according to his wishes, and yet reality intruded on him and he ended up showing his usual avoidance.

The Catholic chaplain played a man Harvey was calling about a job. This man was a family friend who ran a communications company. The chaplain simply followed Harvey's directions about what to do and say. They arranged to meet at the Empress, a Chinese restaurant (and also the name of Harvey's favorite Tarot card, similar to the primordial earth mother). They ordered drinks. Harvey asked for a job and the man readily agreed.

At this point, Harvey got cold feet. He wouldn't set up a psychodramatic table for them to eat on. He began to say it was all fantasy anyway, worthless. Perhaps the unreality of this man so easily offering him a job was too much for him to bear, only pointing out to him how far from such a possibility he was. And the man was a family friend. In his fantasy, he was achieving an aspect of adult responsibility while still staying within the family womb. It was all unreal, untenable. He withdrew.

Someone asked him whether he had ever had a job, and he said yes, when he was nineteen. He had delivered money and was bonded for half a million dollars. Several people

expressed disbelief. Harvey left the room.

An individual session with Harvey followed this group. He told me about the mystical happenings he had encountered at the Empress Restaurant. He had frequented the restaurant quite a bit in between his last two hospitalizations. Once, he had been standing at the bar with the owner when two people had simultaneously approached them from opposite sides of the room, an "exquisite" Chinese woman and a powerful Chinese man who had a world wide reputation as a gambler. Harvey felt that they were all coming together for some kind of mystical union.

The significance of Harvey's experience eluded me at the time. It appeared to me later that the reason the incident seemed so important to Harvey was that he had projected disassociated parts of himself onto the two people. Then he saw them approaching him for what he hoped was "mystical union", ie. integration into himself. The beautiful anima with her healing soul values and the powerful male trickster figure with his ego strength would become parts of Harvey.

And all of this was taking place in the realm of The Empress, the all giving great mother. He was to be able to do what all male children perhaps longed to do - to develop ego consciousness and his own contrasexual side without ever having to slay the great mother or leave her realm. Unfortunately at the time all I was aware enough to do was to point out that the woman was perhaps part of himself, and also to suggest that he over-

valued submissive oriental women because of his fear and hatred of his dominant mother. He agreed to this. I also tried to talk about the trickster figure, but he didn't seem interested.

Harvey proceeded to draw another phoenix, but for the first time a green one. This, I hoped, suggested that even though his defenses were as rigid as ever on the outside (the bird was outlined in red), inside there was a certain softening going on. He was less manic, perhaps a little more open to contact than he appeared. He had said that he planned to "act like a sycophant" in order not to be committed, but I hoped it was more than this. At any rate, a month before he wouldn't have had the control to act a sycophant.

I asked Harvey about the design of the bird, and he said that it was original with him. I asked for associations to the bird and he gave the following train of associations : K. T. (a Japanese friend), Sony, Sun King, phoenix, the Sun goddess who created Japan, The Empress. I asked him what all of these signified to him. He said "love and energy, technical and God". God was love and energy, female attributes to Harvey. God was an oriental woman. Once again, female attributes (oriental ones, though - the idea of energy as female paralleled the Hindu idea of Shakti) were brought together with male, "technical" manipulating powers. Later on I shall say more about this chain of associations which appeared on the surface to be "word salad".

I asked Harvey what he was missing, what he needed. I said that to me the key was meaning. He said that to him it was love, meaning was love and love was female. I agreed this was part of it, but reminded him of what the cards had said of his need for the sword, male intellect and objectivity.

Harvey began to talk of the day we met. He had tears in his eyes. He said that he had felt love coming from me and that he had believed that I was a "conscious being", "not a member of the system". I suggested that this could be an anima projection, and he could find these qualities he desired in himself. I also said that I liked him and would like to help him if I could, but found it frustrating working with him because of his refusal to deal with his problems on a personal level, to integrate the symbolic material he had in abundance with the chaotic life he led on the level of ego. I said "You're a spirit or a biochemical entity, but not a person. Where is your self?" He answered immediately "My self is dead." During that moment I felt the "false self system" in schizophrenia which Ronald Laing speaks about had moved aside and the dark, empty place behind it, "the dead self", was in view.¹ But only for a second.

I had brought an alchemical drawing in a Jungian book to show Harvey. It featured a phoenix on a throne in apotheosis and behind it the zodiac, representing the progression of the alchemical work.² These were two motifs from Harvey's paintings. I hoped that by showing him the

picture and briefly describing the psychological meaning of the alchemical process, according to Jung, that Harvey would appreciate that there was a context for his experience which was universal, human, and which emphasized the importance of grounding, accepting exactly what one was.

In alchemical symbolism it is the stone that is kicked by the roadside or some form of excrement or refuse which is transformed by the alchemical process into the philosopher's stone. The psychological implication is that through consciously encountering the unconscious, beginning with the shadow side of the ego, including all the things one would most like to repress about one's self, integration and transcendence become possible.

Harvey seemed flattered that I had bothered to bring the book (Jung's Psychology and Alchemy) to show him, but his only comment was that Guru Maharaji was the philosopher's stone and would give it to him. Then at the end of the session he said that I wanted him to "grovel" and to "realize what a shit I am". I said no, that what I was asking was not that he hate himself, but that he learn to view himself somewhat objectively, realizing both his drawbacks and his advantages, but accepting himself. I said I was in no way asking him to relinquish physical or spiritual concerns but to integrate them with ego to whatever extent was possible. This didn't seem to sink in, perhaps because it constituted a change in approach that I was in the process of making, somewhat unconscious-

ly, in reaction against the general staff policy of confronting Harvey. I felt more and more that this was no longer effective, if it had ever been, and was especially not appropriate now, when he seemed much more open than he had before.

Also in this session Harvey confided with his trickster leer that the only reason he had talked about marrying Barbara was because she was old fashioned and wouldn't indulge in sex until after marriage. He said he had no intention of marrying her, although he liked her. He said he thought of her as "a warm pillow in a hostile environment". I said this sounded hostile towards women, and he agreed. He added that his mother was crazier than he was, that she was still extremely prudish about sex and disapproved of her daughter who had lived with a man for many years. He repeated that he couldn't relate to women until he took LSD because he was afraid of them, and he blamed his mother for that.

Harvey continued every time he saw me to ask for a Tarot reading. At one point he said that he hadn't liked what the Tarot had said but that he didn't have to worry because it was all superstition. Later he said it was the only objective thing he had to go by, even though he didn't like what it said. I was pleased that he mentioned valuing objectivity.

In our next session, Harvey started a phoenix. When I asked him if he could do something else, he turned it into a snake. It was green, outlined in red like the

last phoenix. Like the phoenixes, the portrait of me, and the self portrait, it had no eyeballs. His association was to a Chinese water serpent, bypassing what I was hoping for - a connection to the earth. He went from above the earth to below it. He said that of course it was also like a penis and mentioned that he couldn't masturbate, his sexual energy was so low. I reassured him that this could be due to the medication or to depression.

At this point, Harvey's mother came for a visit and he asked if she could join us. He then painted a self portrait as a "Weeping Buddha" (Figure 5). It was the first picture he had ever done showing eyeballs. I wondered whether his depression at that time was related to some increase in insight and not simply to the approaching commitment hearing. The Buddha had primitive features outlined in orange. The mouth, nose, and a shape around the third eye were identical - reminiscent of the phoenix form. All the facial features were blue and green. Red tears fell from the eyes in triple rows.

As he painted, Harvey did some confrontation of his own. He said that when we first met he thought of me as a "magical" creature who would "bring light into his darkness" and use her "feminine wiles" to cure him. But now I had succumbed to "group think". The fact that Dr.R and I had confronted him similarly meant that we were in collusion.

This train of thought was an effective weapon, as he had meant it to be, but not for the reasons he suspected. I had arrived at my perceptions of Harvey and my approach to him independently of the psychologist, so this part of his attack didn't bother me. The "group think" concept in general hit me hard.

I was in the position of being a Jungian, a Buddhist, and, incidentally, a Tarot reader, generally interested in symbolism, among other oddities. The staff on this ward, and probably throughout the hospital, was conventional in thought - eclectic over a Freudian base, mostly concerned with medication and the outward behavior of patients. There was a lot I thought that I wasn't encouraged to communicate, a lot of reservations I had about what I saw and heard every day that I felt unable to express, the differences in world view were too deep. Needless to say there was a certain amount of fear of being overpowered, of compromising my own beliefs beyond recognition, though in general I felt that I was benefiting from the creative tension between the two systems of thought. And when I was swallowed up in a way of thinking or acting that was unnatural to me, eventually I would feel uncomfortable and realize what was happening.

Perhaps a certain amount of frustration came at this point, too, because of ego's dislike at not keeping up the role of "magic anima", having enjoyed the positive transference. And there was frustration at dealing with Harvey, trying different approaches to communicate with

him and always feeling them bounce off his "golden helmet".

Harvey continued his attack, saying I was "pushing art therapy". All too true. I was the first art therapist to work on the ward and probably in the division. Harvey capped it all by saying that he only came to our sessions because I was goodlooking.

I decided to let my frustration out, pointing out to him the irritation in my voice. He seemed surprised, said "Yes, my voice is calmer than yours." I told him I was frustrated working with him because he always found some way of avoiding himself. Then I told him it was alright for him to be angry too, and to express it directly. Somehow I felt that showing my feelings in this way had calmed him, the air was cleared.

I returned to the picture, asked him why the Buddha was crying. He said he was like Christ, who suffered from others' insensitivity. The insensitivity of the psychologist, the clinical administrator, the psychiatrist made him suffer. They just didn't understand that he simply needed Lithium and Parnate and he would be cured. Instead, they cruelly and continually confronted him.

This picture, the "Weeping Buddha", was one of the most complex and expressive Harvey had done. It was also the only one he did during our work together which showed a figure with eyeballs. The eyes were wide open, staring forward. Their blue color and the set of the blue mouth gave the face an expression of passive acceptance, though

with fear and suffering, but the red tears in neat triple rows falling or seemingly hanging from each eye suggested a determined and angry expression of this pain. The same mouth form was repeated for mouth, eyes, and surrounding the brilliant blue third eye, perhaps indicating that oral needs dominated expression and perception in these areas. This was certainly true in the spiritual realm symbolized by the third eye. Harvey's feelings towards Guru Maharaji, who he considered to be his guru, were purely receptive - he waited to be fed and cured by his teacher, who he saw as possessing all magical properties. He had the same expectations in relation to the magical anima figure which he projected onto me.

The Buddha face had no ears, no hair. A blue moustache added a note of virility. There was a basic structuring (faintly visible in the copy) which Harvey did first with two faint crosses inside the ellipse of the face, one at the eyes and one at the mouth. This kind of structuring is done in Tibetan paintings and is the traditional way to paint the Buddha. Harvey was aware of this. But it still seemed to me that the unity of structuring and the expression of human feeling in this picture, unique in the series he did with me, represented a culmination of sorts.

For the next few days Harvey slept most of the time. He looked pathetic, very depressed and worried about his commitment hearing, which was coming up the next week. I felt that his defenses were loosening, at least the

interior softness was more in view. I was convinced that the confrontational approach was not working, but what to do? I had so little time left to work with Harvey, only a month.

He showed up at our next session with photographs of a woman who ran an Indian boutique in a fashionable location. Behind her was a colorful print of Radha and Krishna cavorting together in the forest. Harvey said that this woman was very beautiful and that to him she was Radha. I asked him to do a picture of Radha and Krishna. (Figure 6). He drew two ghost like forms in the center of the page, their arms intertwined to form a shape like an infinity sign. Krishna, the blue form on the left, bent slightly towards Radha, who seemed slightly more stable. There were few features shown other than the color (Krishna is traditionally blue skinned) which indicated which was which. Radha was slightly more differentiated in that she had a suggestion of breasts, a suggestion of a foot, and her face protruded more. Harvey's signature was the same color as Radha.

Both figures had conical shapes on their heads which Harvey identified as "hats or headdresses". They were similar to the flame forms on the phoenix's heads. Around the divine couple were four black shapes which he said were demons, devils, the patients on the ward.

In relation to the woman in the store and to Radha, I talked again about anima projections. Harvey said he understood the concept but that he wasn't projecting he

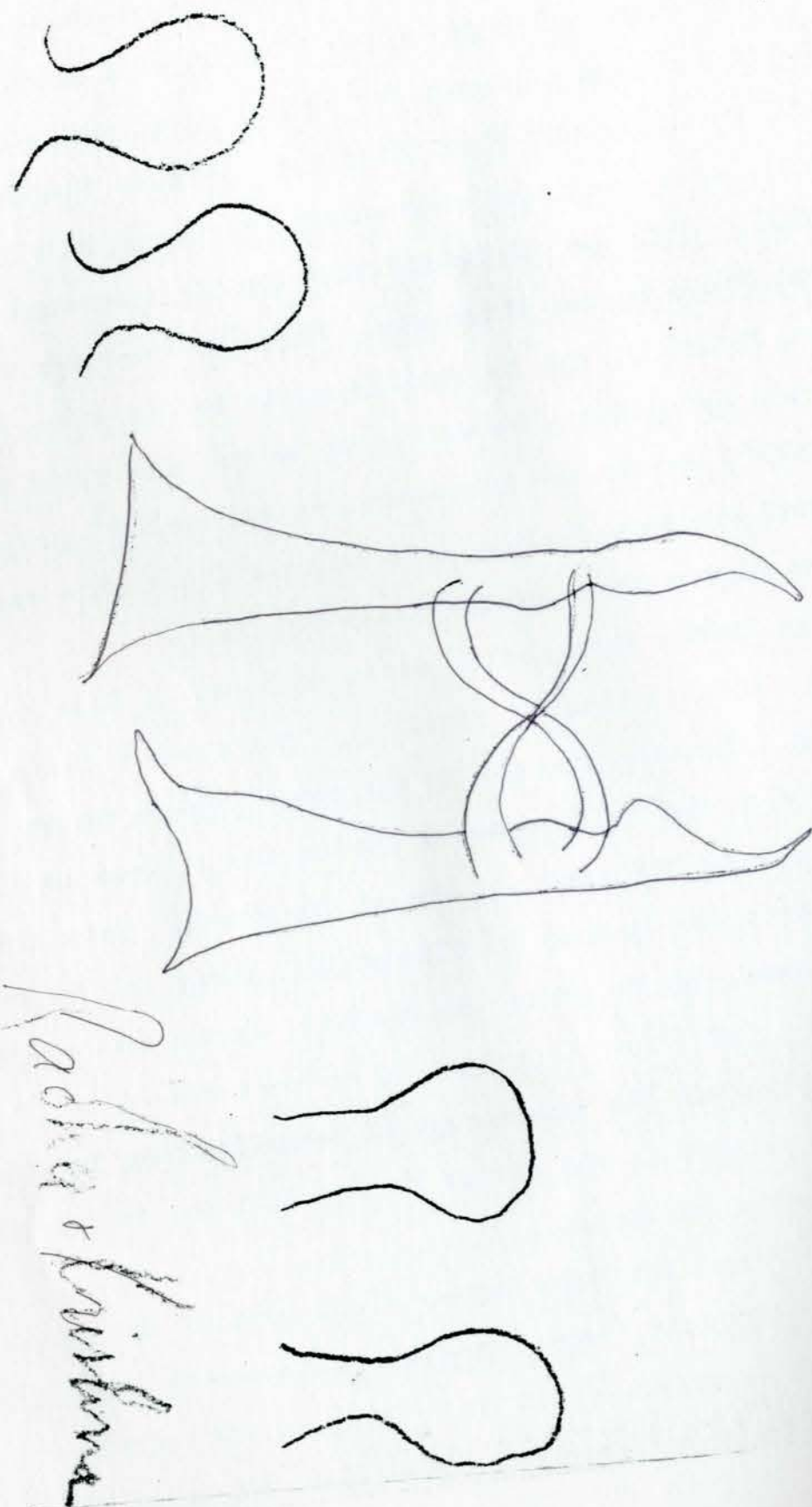


Figure 6

was taking it in, "just totally absorbing". "If truth is bliss consciousness and that's what I'm seeing, then I'm seeing the truth." I questioned whether what he was seeing was direct perception or an apperception, filtered through his concepts of truth. I said it seemed to me that we all thought we were perceiving truly, but that our perceptions were often very different from one another.

When I asked him about the demons, he said that they were like snakes, they were part of the universe so that he had to love them, but that he didn't like them. I questioned this perception, saying that I didn't see the patients on the ward as demons or snakes but as various people. Again I suggested that this could be a projection. I said that his "self was dead" as he had said because everything that was himself was projected outward, either as a spiritual force or entity, a "biochemical condition" beyond his control, or a demon. Nothing, positive, negative, or even neutral, was personal.

Harvey said "Friends are personal." He said that once when he was asleep at the Parthenon he had had a dream which had told him "I am my friends." I asked him whether this meant defining himself by who he knew, like his mother with her Christmas card advertising a famous friend. He said "No, I meant that I am the people I love and who love me." I agreed that was part of what defined someone, but asked what his sense of self was not in relation to other people, when he was alone. He said "When I am alone I have the images of the beautiful people I collect".

I said "People are images?" He said "Yes." I was stumped. This was what I had been in effect saying, with my talk about perception and apperception, but we were left with no ground to stand on.

Hoping to get a clearer idea of this problem of identity, I asked him to do a picture of his "dead self". He immediately began a mandala (Figure 7). In the center was the most intense color of the picture - a red dot which he said represented the "dead self". Harvey said that it was very condensed and I asked whether it was like a black hole. He said no, that it was positive and that the red color showed energy. Outward from this center radiated eight black lines which he described as a "Cartesian co-ordinate system", giving order. Around the red center were yellow lines forming a grid, which represented the "pain, suffering, and claustrophobia, the drag of being in here, which anyone would feel in here." It was interesting that being stuck inside the hospital and being stuck inside himself seemed related. A faint red circle, weaker on the left than on the right enclosed this yellow grid and represented Harvey. A blue outer circle was "Mega Harvey" and was labelled as such (A is his real first initial). A series of blue lines went outwards towards this blue circle and came in from it, representing love that he sent to everyone and received from them.

When I asked him where the problem was in the picture, why the self was dead, he answered that the problem was in

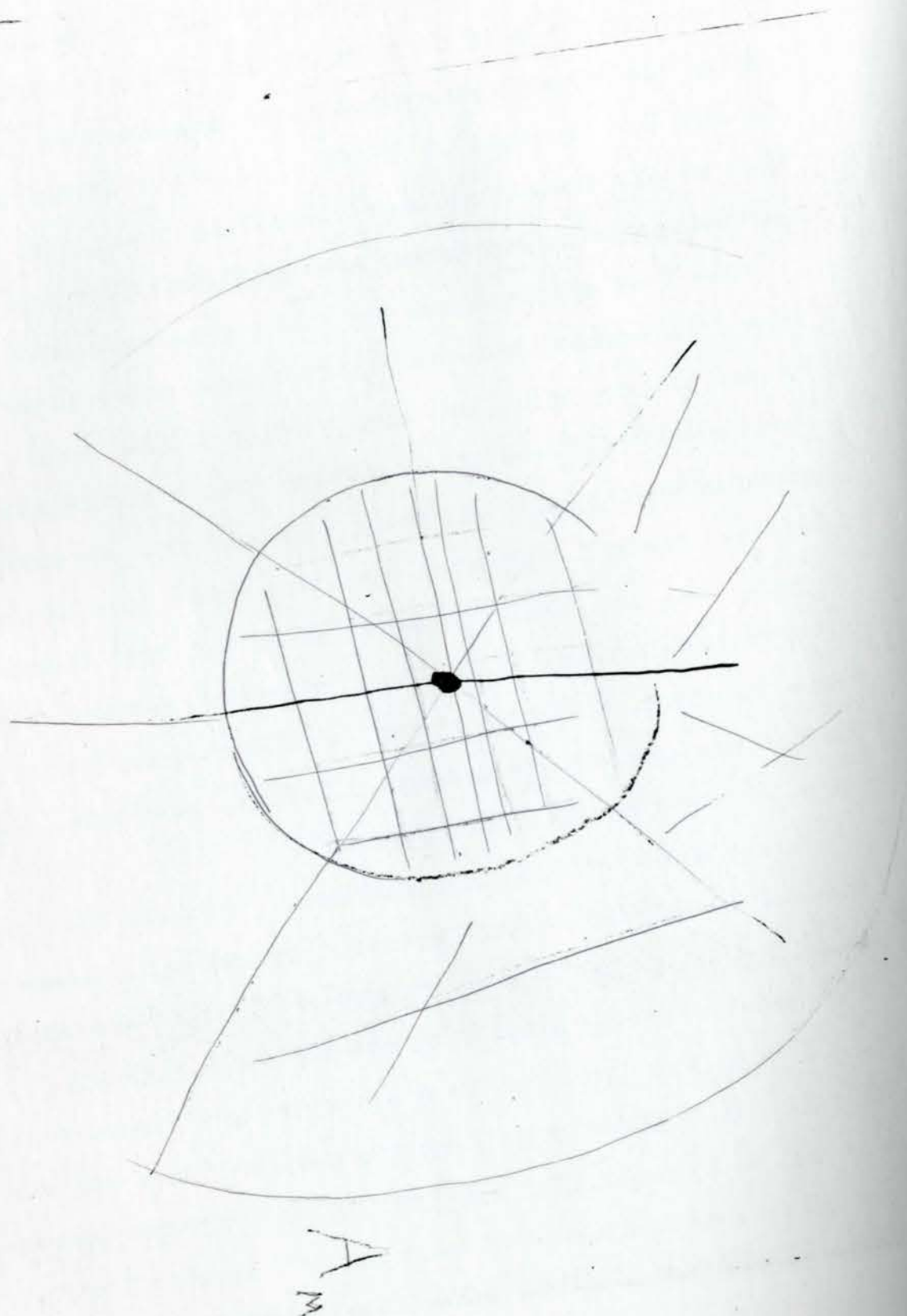


Figure 7

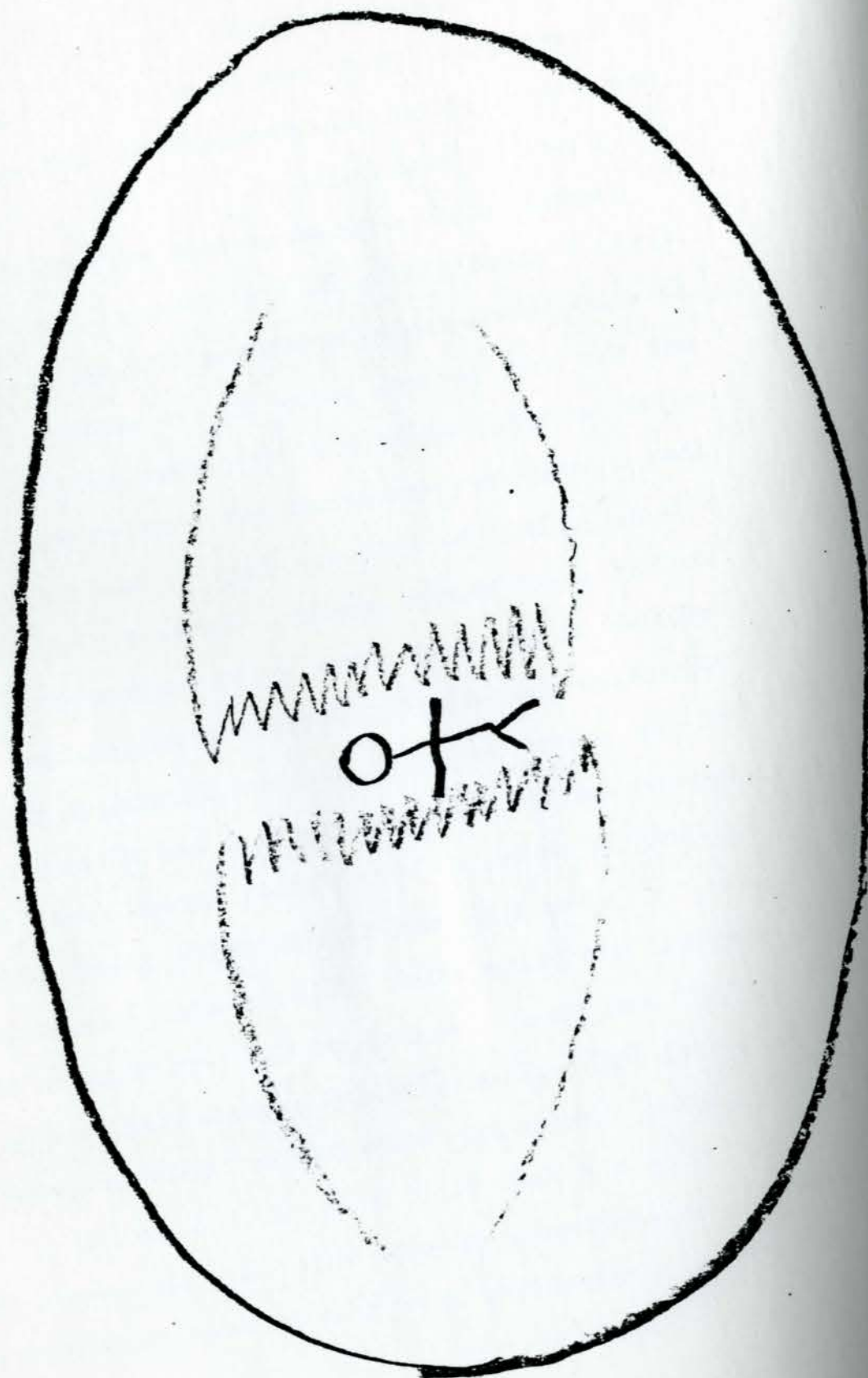


Figure 8

the red circle representing himself, his ego. I talked about ego boundaries, how it helped if they were permeable so that the negativity from below and the spirituality in the blue sphere could penetrate them without sweeping them away. Harvey agreed, saying that his were too brittle. But he didn't want to discuss the yellow area and what it might be, other than "the bleakness and austerity of being in the hospital and maybe being committed."

When I asked him to do a picture of this, he drew a black ellipse which contained red jaws with jagged teeth. (Figure 8). He later added himself between the jaws as a stick figure, but said including himself was "irrelevant". The jaws were those of a shark, he said, and he related the shark to Dr. R, who was trying to committ him. I spoke a little about the vagina dentata and the negative mother as restricting and devouring. He was at first interested, then said that he didn't want to think about symbols now, he wanted reality. I told him I thought that was great.

The interesting thing about this picture was its relation to the yellow area in the previous one surrounding the dead self. This pointed to the devouring mother as the reason for lack of contact with the self, which consequently "died", though, as in the symbol of the yellow hair which he was hiding under the "golden helmet", the self here was "positive" and "full of energy".

The day of his hearing, Harvey was in psychodrama. When someone suggested that we talk about who wanted to

leave, he abruptly stood up and left. Later I talked to him briefly on the porch. I said he looked depressed. He said he was. He said he wasn't any better. I said that to me he seemed much better, that he was beginning to show a little insight. He said that when we talked he could hear what I said. This seemed genuine at the time. I still don't know whether it was or not, or perhaps it was and was not.

When I got up to leave, I wished him well at his hearing. He grabbed my hand, seemed sincerely touched, and thanked me for supporting him.

The next day when I came in, I went to find Harvey and find out what had happened. He was lying on his sofa, livid with anger, and refused to talk to me except to say that he had been committed indefinitely. He went to get some water, and when he came back in the day room, I was talking to someone else. He turned around and left the room.

A few days later I met him in the hall, on his way back from occupational therapy. I asked him if he wanted to do a picture and he said no, that he didn't have anything to say. I asked what he was thinking. He said "Nothing. I'm just sleeping." I said he seemed angry. He said "I am." At what? "The bureaucrats around here." "For keeping you in?" I asked. "Yes." I said it was hard to sleep all the time. Harvey agreed. He said "I didn't do anything in O.T., just sat there." I asked if that was a way of showing his anger. "Yes," he said,

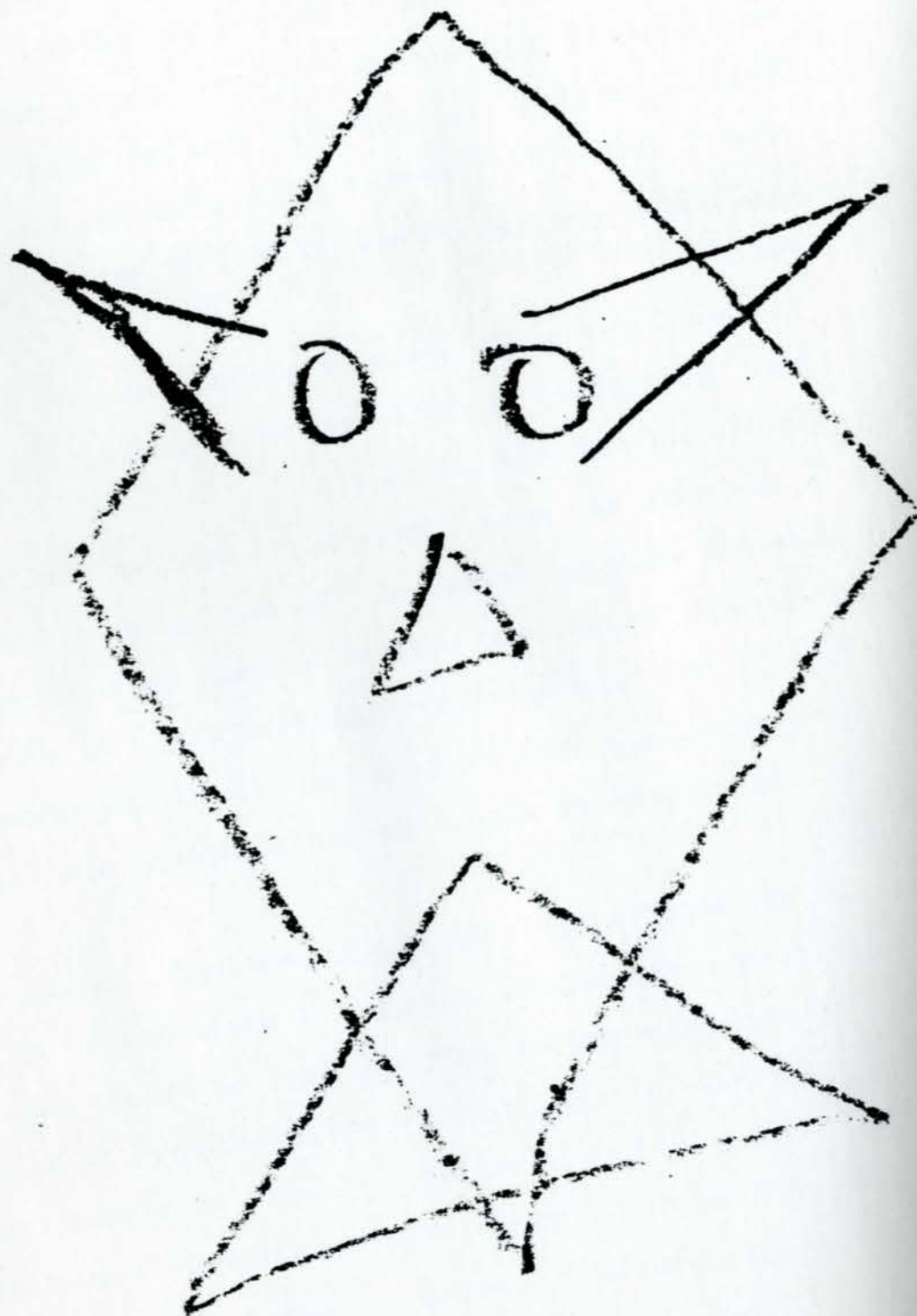


Figure 9

"Well, it's a way of showing noncooperation." He got up and left.

Harvey kept refusing to draw pictures or to talk, but continually asked me to read the Tarot for him again. He was extremely angry at everyone, especially the staff, because he had been committed. The whole environment had become the devouring and restraining mother. But he still was very attracted to the Tarot, I think because it was a magical voice which spoke to him and which he could simply receive passively.

In order to get him moving again, I made a deal with him that if he would do two pictures I would give him a reading. Later when his mother brought him a pack of Tarot cards, the deal changed and I would teach him about a card for each two drawings. He seemed to like this arrangement. Although I worried about being manipulative myself, it seemed worth possibly getting across the idea that receiving is related to being and expressing one's self.

His first drawing after the hearing was of a subject he initiated himself. He said he would do a self portrait. (Figure 9). Except for the round eyes it was entirely made of triangles on a diamond shape. It was a self portrait as the devil. The triangles over the eyes were "eyebrows or horns", while the lowest triangle, the mouth, seemed to fall so low it was about to fall off his face. The round eyes gave a feeling not so much of evil as of a woebegone emptiness, but the angularities of the

rest of the face suggested a painful abrasiveness. Harvey said that he used to look boyish, but now he looked ugly, like the devil. This was because everyone around him was ugly. When he was around beautiful people he was beautiful.

At this point I was trying just to listen to what he said, without being confrontational or lecturing. I did, however, suggest that his second picture be of the negative feelings he was having at the time. This was a fragmented picture, a collection of objects drawn in blue crayon. First he drew a cigarette pack with three cigarettes sticking up. He explained this by saying that he wanted a cigarette. Next he drew eyes with tears and a drooping mouth, very schematic, and two figures of himself - one standing in line to eat and the other lying on his sofa. Both figures showed round heads, jagged lines for the bodies, and stick-like legs. The jagged lines, Harvey said, were to show anxiety and tiredness. The figures had no arms or hands, and seemed totally powerless. Then he drew a "molecule", the cause of his condition, a key to the hospital, which made me suspect that he was thinking of escaping, and two skull and cross bones - representing the clinical administrator and Dr. R.

I began the Tarot reading. The first card, the significator, standing for Harvey in the reading, was Death. This was actually a good card to have here, as it usually is a good card, for the meaning is not physical death, but psychological transformation leading to rebirth. Al-



though this can be an extremely painful experience, when old ways of being are being destroyed and new ones have not yet arisen, ultimately the process is for the good.

The second card, in the place of covering or surrounding the situation, was another major arcana, The World. This card, like all the major arcana, has many levels of meaning. Here, it signified a completeness, a balancing of experience, and at the same time dealt with the issue of "dominion and slavery". This meant that if Harvey wanted to control the situation, he had first to understand it, otherwise he would be controlled by it.³ It also meant that wholeness would come through developing this understanding.

Crossing these first two cards was another major arcana, The High Priestess. In herself, The High Priestess represents the feminine principle in its first and formless aspect, before it flows into any form. This is Sophia or the Mother of Buddhas, Prajna Paramita. Here, however, this principle is seen as inimical to the death rebirth experience which is necessary and the potential wholeness of experience and understanding which are involved in it. In other words, Harvey's continual attempt to have the "magical" feminine take him to "the beyond" and provide him with "love, peace, and knowledge", operated counter to any possibility of his experiencing rebirth into a more integrated form. Instead of the potential dominion and fullness of experience represented by The World, he would remain in ignorance and slavery,

and experience himself as dead. Harvey associated this card, The High Priestess, to Guru Maharaji.

The next card was The Tower, in the place of "the best that can be achieved at the time". This card reinforced the meaning of the first three cards. The Tower is another major arcana and has a meaning here similar to that of the Death card. It shows a tower being struck by lightning in the midst of a terrible storm. In some Tarot decks, people are seen falling out of the tower. The tower is similar to the tower of Babel, which was built up out of pride and was destroyed by God. It suggests patterns of behavior, concepts, ways of living which have become stagnant, unthinking, and complacent. In the Jungian sense, ego has become inflated and has ceased to reflect. Through lack of contact with what is, this state leads inevitably to its own destruction. Lightning strikes, a storm, fire, one is hurled out of his habitual universe into the void. It is a painful experience, sometimes cataclysmic, but always necessary and often to the good. The fact that this card appeared in this place in the reading indicated that the best Harvey could do at this point was to resign himself to a great deal of suffering and turmoil brought on by his commitment and try to understand what was happening.

The next card was not encouraging in this respect. It was in the place of "what is beneath you", that is something that is so habitual that it has become a part

of you, and it was a card which was in his last reading in the place of "the best that can be achieved at this time". The card was the nine of rods, showing a rather stolid and unintelligent young man guarding nine rods. The meaning was that Harvey reacted to things in an unconscious manner and tried to protect his interests without understanding them. The fact that this card had gone from the place of "the best that can be achieved" to the place of habitual action suggested that although this attitude may have been habitual, the time for it to have any positive value was past.

The next card reinforced this. It was in the place of "going out of the situation" and was the six of cups. This card shows two children smelling flowers, suggesting childish innocence and naiveté. The attitude of someone just beginning to taste life was not appropriate in a thirty-seven year old man. It seemed significant that Harvey had just described himself as looking "boyish", and had said that he no longer looked so.

"Coming into the situation" was the three of rods. In this card a man is standing among three flowering rods and looking into the distance. The meaning is vision, sometimes premonition. That Harvey would develop such vision remained to be seen, but this seemed a hopeful sign.

In the place of Harvey's perception of himself was the ten of swords. The tens are the culminating cards of each suit, so contain the meaning of the suit in a special completeness. The ten of swords shows a man lying on his

stomach with his face turned away in a barren landscape. Ten swords are sticking out of his back. Despair, defeat, desolation are the meaning of the card, and the necessity of accepting the fact of death. Harvey readily identified with this image. Experientially, this is one of the grimmest cards in the Tarot.

"Influences from family, friends, and environment" showed the two of rods. This card is very similar to the three of rods, and shows a man holding a globe as he looks into the distance. The meaning is not only vision, but dominion over worldly matters which comes with vision and understanding. This card, coming as it did so close to the three of rods, indicated that these qualities were being reinforced by either people working with Harvey, his family, or his environment. The preceding card, the ten of swords, however, implied that Harvey was in such a state of despair and internal defeat that this potentiality for increased insight might be missed. The figure in the ten of swords turns his head away and is motionless.

The Queen of Rods was in the place of "what you hope for and fear". Court cards can either stand for particular people or for parts of one's self. The Queen of Rods is a woman possessing the qualities inherent in the suit of rods, predominantly intuition and spirituality. John D. Blakeley, in his book The Mystical Tower of the Tarot, said "The Sceptre (. rod), which corresponds to the controlling baton of the orchestral conductor and to the symbol of regal authority, represents the ruling spiritual

power which directs the work of the creative self towards ultimate perfection. At a lower level, it represents the control of the will, which, correctly exercised, can produce a life and character of harmonious beauty."⁴ The fact that these qualities - creativity, control, and will - were here held by a woman, and in the place of what Harvey hoped for and feared, again suggested the strong ambivalence that Harvey felt towards the feminine, which he projected outwards, and the power which the anima held over him.

It was interesting that in these readings no kings appeared, nor even knights or pages, but only queens, and these two those of the two masculine suits, rods and swords. I will discuss these ideas more, later on.

The final or "outcome" card was the ten of cups, which shows a young man and a young woman staring intently at one another. Above them in the sky are ten cups, and from the central one a rainbow pours upwards. The meaning of the card is romantic love, union of the sexes, and hope for a more positive future..This was a good card to have here, for, although it promised no certainty, it did suggest the union of male and female principles in their first intensity. The card is the completion of the suit of cups, which is the suit of the emotions and of love. The other cup card in the reading was the six of cups, which represented childish emotions. Here the feelings of the adolescent or young adult were shown. It showed union

with the feminine as an equal (not being dominated by the mother or sacrificing one's self to the anima), so there was the possibility of some progress.

The reading as a whole showed a painful situation, a possibility of insight, and help available which was not accepted because of dullness and despair. Still, there was hope. And the time frame of a reading was six months to a year.

After the reading, Harvey said there was truth in what the reading had said, but that he was still going to look for an external solution to his problems. I reminded him I would be leaving in a month, and he seemed surprised.

Later he saw me in the hall and said that he would like me to show Dr. R the Tarot reading, with him there, since "it goes along with what she says". Harvey seemed more open than usual. I had told him at the beginning of our work together how long I would be on the ward, but the announcement of when I was leaving appeared to have shocked him. I promised him that if he was willing to work, I would see him twice a week in the remaining month. He was pleased, but said that he didn't believe in therapy, he believed in biochemistry. Then he said that his parents were the only ones who could help him.

The meeting with Dr. R. took place the next day. Harvey was unusually quiet. Then with tears in his eyes he spoke again of the first meeting he and I had had. He seemed receptive to all that was said, until Dr. R. told

him that he would not be getting grounds privileges immediately, as he had requested. At that point, he became extremely angry and left the room.

At psychodrama a few days later, Harvey stayed in the group almost the whole time, which was unusual for him. The discussion was primarily about separation. Three staff members, including the psychodramatist and myself, were going to be leaving in the next few weeks. Harvey was supposed to be doubling another patient, who was lying on the floor being dead, but was unable to do so. He expressed his own feelings. Harvey said he wouldn't care who left because he had only superficial relationships with everyone on the ward. Later in the session he said he would miss me.

The topic changed to leaving the hospital, and Harvey said "They're only two ways I'll get out of here, if they give me Lithium and Parnate or if I escape," This seemed to confirm the feeling I had had, on seeing the key in his drawing, that he was contemplating escape. In the hall after the group Harvey said that at our meeting he had just been telling Dr. R. and me what we wanted to hear, and "putting on a show for you in order to get grounds privileges." It seemed that the trickster was in control again, and the focus was on manipulating the external world as the solution to all problems.

Harvey's old line was firmly in place again. Had

his temporary softening been entirely a hoax designed to manipulate the staff, including myself, into giving him a chance to escape? I am still not certain. From Harvey's behavior it would be difficult to say. But the pictures seemed to indicate that there was at least a crack in his usual defensive structure. The gentle "Weeping Buddha" with his sighted eyes had implied some awareness. The self portrait as a devil hinted at why this awareness could not be allowed.

In the terms of Harvey's "dead self" mandala (Figure 7), the yellow area of negativity, the shadow, surrounded the self. As Erich Neumann said in The Origins and History of Consciousness, "The shadow roots the personality in the subsoil of the unconscious, and this shadowy link with the archetype of the antagonist, i.e., the devil, is in the deepest sense part of the creative abyss of every living personality... Indeed, in psychological development, the self lies hidden in the shadow; he is the 'keeper of the gate,' the guardian of the threshold. The way to the self lies through him; behind the dark aspect he represents there stands the aspect of wholeness, and only by making friends with the shadow do we gain the friendship of the self."⁵

Yet when ego was totally identified with the shadow in its absolute form, the devil, as could happen in psychosis, the content was too overwhelming and destructive to assimilate.⁶ Withdrawal was necessary and contact with the self became impossible.

In order to approach the shadow, Harvey would need the help of someone he trusted, and lots of time. I felt that he was beginning to trust me, but we had little time.

A few days later, I had a private talk with Harvey's mother. She recounted Harvey's oddyssey in great detail, from the overachieving little boy working himself to death to get into Exeter and Harvard, to the chronic mental patient, with all the flamboyance of his hippie days and the excitement of his many escapades in between. For that was the feeling she exuded about Harvey and his life. "He's a wonderful man," she said. "He has something special. He really knows people." As she described, for instance, a birthday party she and her husband had had for Harvey in New York, the glee she took in his exploits was obvious. He had asked everyone he knew, forty hippies in outlandish dress and all "on drugs". They had danced, walked (on LSD) along the edge of the balcony forty stories above the street, had woken up all the neighbors, and stayed into the next day. Her words said it was shocking, but her tone of voice said it was "fascinating", a word she continually used in describing life with Harvey. "It's fascinating how anyone could manipulate people who care to this extent", she said, and smiled. "Another segment (as of a t.v. show?) that was fascinating was getting used to calling the police."

She seemed totally wrapped up in Harvey's tale.

When I asked her questions, she would begin to answer, but soon would wander off into endless irrelevant details of his life. On the surface, Harvéys mother was a warm woman and philosophical about her experiences with Harvey. She said that she and her husband had learned much and had developed great patience from it all. On the whole, I found her a sympathetic woman.

I asked Harvey later whether he ever felt that his mother secretly enjoyed his exploits. He wasn't at all surprised at the question, and said that in the past he had "played things to her," unconsciously. He said that he no longer did so.

I had been unable to talk to Harvey's father, but one statement his mother had made in her conversation raised questions in my mind about him. She said that the three of them had been in a car. She was driving. Suddenly, Harvey reached from the back seat and began hitting her. Her husband, sitting beside her, did nothing to help her. She explained his behavior by saying that he was confused.

At our next session, Harvey was again angry and depressed. When I sat down to talk to him, he said "They're giving me the wrong drugs." But he agreed to come and do a picture.

His first that day was entitled "Electric Chair". This was the day after the first person had been executed in Florida following the resumption of capital punishment. Harvey showed himself sitting, presumably in an electric chair, though the only parts of the chair shown were

a kind of electric pack at his back and straps at the wrists and feet. A hood was over the area of his eyes, but no features were shown on the plain elliptical face. In a line down the body were three swastikas, "to symbolize my morbid mood." Off to the right was an observation room. I was watching from behind the witness window. When I asked him what I was feeling as I watched, Harvey said "You feel powerless to help because you can't get me Lithium and Parnate." He had incorporated me as part of himself, thinking what he wished me to think.

His second drawing was of a ship. The body of the ship was shaped similarly to the phoenixes. There were three masts with three rectangular sails on each one. Harvey said that he used to draw ships all the time when he was younger. He said "I haven't changed since second grade." When I asked about the similarity in shape to the birds, he said that he had changed from boats to birds because birds go faster, are more modern, and can fly over obstacles. I asked if it might not be better to go through them, but he said no, he'd been through enough. I said that I meant with his eyes open. Harvey said "It's like that bitch Dr. R. It would almost be worth going to jail to kill that bitch. She doesn't help me." Dr. R. apparently embodied at this point the obstacle he needed to "fly over."

I asked Harvey the name of the ship. He added my name to the picture along the side of the ship, combin-

ing it with the name of another April he had known. So to some extent he saw me as a containing and protective vehicle, a positive mother, carrying him "through obstacles."

When we next met, Harvey seemed less depressed. He asked for another Tarot reading, but I said that instead I would teach him about a card so he could learn to use the cards himself. He said that The High Priestess was his favorite card, so I talked for a little while about its significance. Harvey didn't seem interested in the High Priestess as a psychological reality. He said he was waiting for her to "come and save him." Again he referred back to our first meeting. Then he talked of his early acid trips. He said that the most important thing for him on a trip was to make love. The most important thing to him was the merging of ego boundaries, he said. I said that to me both were important - to be able to merge with someone and to be able to be alone.

I asked how the High Priestess would "cure" him. Harvey said that she would bring him Parnate, or just cure him by kindness. He then copied the picture of the High Priestess from the card. It was a fair copy except that the eyeballs were missing and the fingers, which on the card were delicately holding two flowers, had been turned into sharp claws.

I asked Harvey to draw two views of the future, his worst scenario and his best. He quickly drew both on

one sheet of paper. The worst was himself on a cross "tormented by psychiatrists", the best an LSD molecule, signifying "transcendence, clear light." The figure of himself on the cross was plump looking. The feet were not together, but separated, and there were no holes in them. The hands were the most differentiated part of the figure, which had no facial features. The left hand seemed to hang limply, while the right one was clawlike and the fingers stretched upward. Both had holes in them. I interpreted this figure as being primarily passive, particularly on the unconscious (lefthand) side. He had no face, no identity. His body was an amorphous, undifferentiated blob. His feet were free, but rather than hanging, they seemed to stand on thin air. Harvey seemed to think he was standing on something, but it wasn't anything firm. Still, there was a predilection for action, albeit in an unadapted way. Also the right hand, on the conscious side of the body, struggled to be free, and with its long sharp fingers seemed to threaten aggression of some sort. This was the way Harvey perceived himself in his depressive or persecuted state.

In this negative view of the future, Harvey was a person. In the positive view, he was an LSD molecule, which automatically granted a "transcendent state." He did not have to exist as a person. It was easy to understand the attractiveness of this state after viewing Harvey's view of himself in the "negative

future." There, he was relying on something that did not exist, an amorphous being without an identity or an ability to act effectively, striking out and gesticulating desperately with one wounded hand while the other hung hopelessly by his side.

My beginning to simply listen to what he had to say, not confronting or interpreting very much, seemed to ease Harvey a little. At one point he said "I need Parnate, but that's not all there is to it." This was an unusual admission for him.

Later in the same day we talked on the porch. He said that Dr. R. was like his mother, "dominating, destructive, manipulative, ugly." "I tried to be nice to her," he said, "but when I cried she said I was 'tearing'." He seemed infuriated by what he perceived as her insensitivity. Dr. R. herself explained her word usage by saying that she was afraid if she had said he was crying, and he hadn't been, she would have been upset. So she tried to use a neutral word. It was good, after having heard Harvey many times insist that he didn't feel anything, to hear him indignantly say that he did.

During the next psychodrama session, Harvey was on the offensive again. He always reacted to me much differently in a group than he did in our sessions. Often, he was sexually aggressive, and tried to take advantage of the physical contact in psychodrama to make physical advances. He seemed to want to assert to the other patients that he had a special relationship with me. This gave him status,

as he admitted. He also said he was jealous when I paid attention to others in the group. This time, he had made up a poem : "I'm not a drug addict, and I'm not gay, But I'm horny and I can't get laid." He repeated it at intervals throughout the group.

Then he read out loud an article about a young woman who had committed suicide after being prematurely released from another hospital in the area. One of the psychologists asked whether Harvey was afraid of what might happen to him when he left. He denied having any fears concerning himself, but said that he was afraid about the problems of the world - the gas shortage, economic depression, and so on.

I wondered if perhaps these fears of leaving, the aggression towards me, and reading the article about suicide were related to concerns about my leaving. His relationship with me was the only even amicable one Harvey had on the ward. If I were identified in his mind with his anima, and he saw himself totally dependent on her to the extent that he was her, then perhaps my leaving could be perceived as a kind of suicide. I was certainly leaving our work together prematurely, just as the young woman who had killed herself had left the hospital prematurely. Perhaps the poem he kept repeating was a defense of himself ("I'm not a drug addict and I'm not gay" - two accusations often made by the staff, neither of which I believed) and a plea for union, an attempt to

prevent me from leaving.

Harvey's next drawing was simple - a picture of three stick figures hanging by the neck. On the other side of the paper, written in purple crayon, was the inscription "FREEDOM NOW/ DOWN WITH (names of the psychiatrist, clinical administrator, and Dr. R.)/ SIC TRANSIT TYRRANIS!" It seemed that the more overt was the hatred expressed in Harvey's drawings, the more primitive were the figures.

A second picture was another mandala or "self diagram". (Figure 10). It, too, was in purple crayon. The center, as in the "dead self mandala" (Figure 7), was the most intensely colored area. Harvey described it as "condensed depression". Four arms went out from this center in an X shape. There were three circles around the center and four circles on the outside at the ends of the arms of the X. An arrow pointed outwards from the center showing the direction of the energy and was marked "E". In the lower right outer circle was written the word "psychedelic." "It expands like the Hawaiian Wood Rose Seed" (a psychedelic substance), said Harvey, "You have to see me expanded to know what I am." He also described this outer circle as "luminous silver, like an atom model, like a flower, or a balloon." I asked what would happen if a pin came next to it. "It couldn't pop it. It would go right through. But it can be warped by a magnet (shown between the two right hand circles),

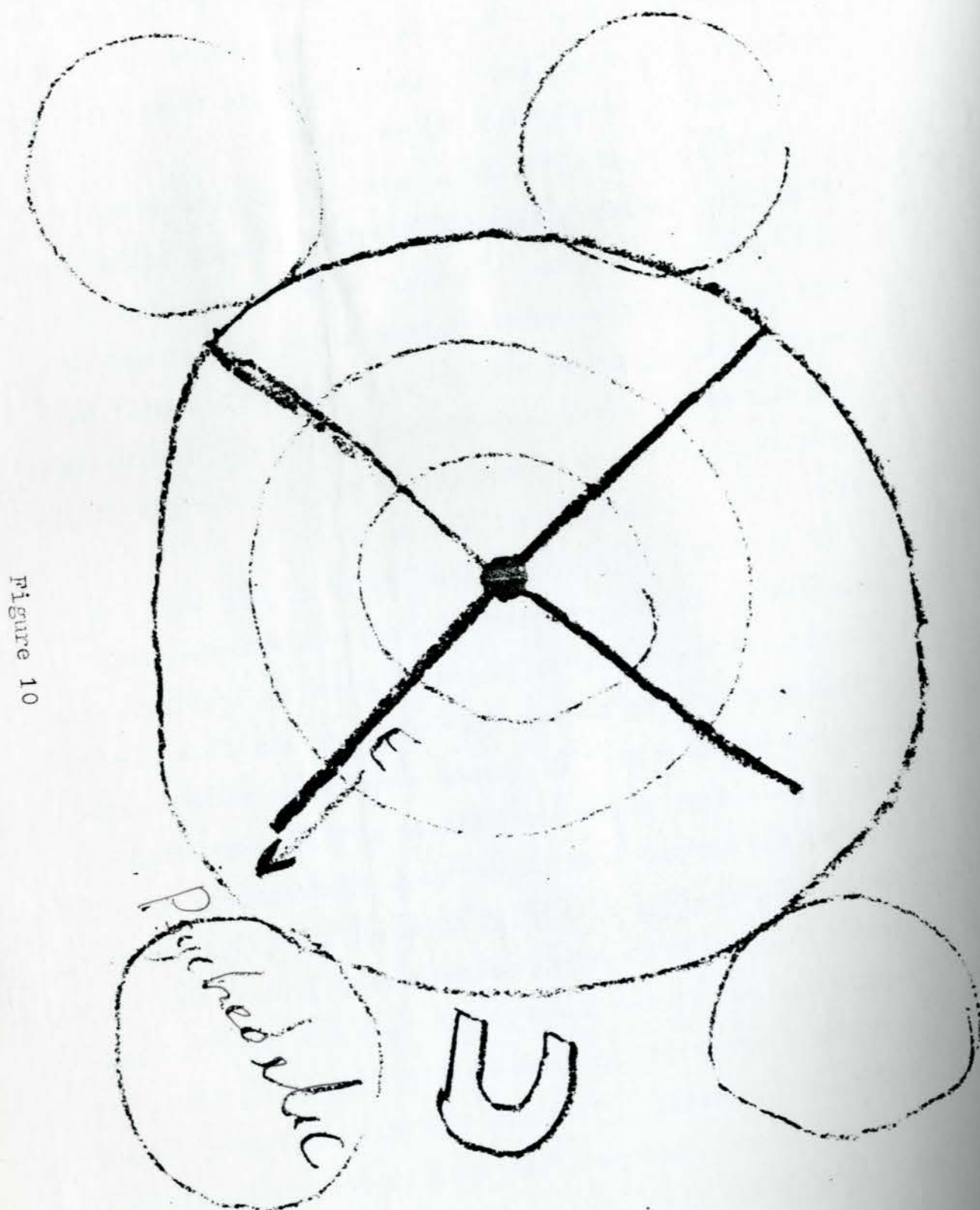


Figure 10

or it can merge with other spheres," he pointed to the lower right hand sphere, "like you. That's magic." Within this sphere, the one labelled "psychedelic", he also signed the picture "Love" and his name (removed in the reproduction).

Our time was up before I had much chance to talk to Harvey about this mandala. It was similar to the "dead self mandala" (Figure 7), but was more extreme in the sense that all energy flowed outwards. In Figure 7 there was more focus on the center area. The center point was bright red, and the shadow area around it was yellow cross hatching. A faint red circle denoted the ego, containing the yellow area, and faint blue lines formed the realm of "Mega Harvey", or transcendental Harvey, which lay beyond. The center sent energy towards this transcendent sphere and received it back. Figure 10 was entirely done in purple. The center point was set apart by its density, but there was no other focus on the center area. Energy, marked by an "E", flowed outwards, towards "psychedelic" merging with the anima, represented by the lower right hand circle. This circle he associated with me, and merging with it was "magic". The four outer circles suggested that wholeness was possible, and derived from an inner structure - the X shaped arms. But the circles were seen entirely as embodied in other people. Wholeness came from merging with them.

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The "luminous silver" (like quicksilver in the al-

chemical process?) "atom model" could not be destroyed, but was "warped" to fit whatever "magnet" came along, and the highest aim was to merge entirely with the outer centers. As Harvey had said " I am the people I love." Jung pointed out the connection between mercurius (quick-silver) and the anima in the alchemical process.⁷ But here Harvey was not transformed in his center by relating to her, but lost himself.

Harvey accentuated his identification with me by informing me that he had been told he was leaving in two weeks (when I was to leave). He seemed to believe it himself and was so convincing that I checked it out, and found it not true; the idea had somehow arisen in his own mind. Around this time Harvey's signatures on his pictures became even smaller.

The next day when I was working on the porch with another, very disturbed patient, Harvey came and sat down quietly and began to draw. He drew one of his phoenixes, but drooping and flattened in shape, with four wings - two red ones and two black ones. Below he wrote the Japanese characters for "Nippon", in my honor, he said, since I was a Buddhist. He signed the picture and wrote "I love You," with a capital Y. This picture seemed to me similar in meaning to Figure 10.

There was depression (the "condensed depression" of the center of Figure 10, the deflated bird), potential wholeness (the four arms and circles in Figure 10, the

bird's four wings), and a projecting of real subjectivity into the outer "You".

He drew another picture, a mandala, but left before explaining it to me. (Figure 11). In the center were three stars of David, each inside another. From the tips of the second largest star, lines went out through the points of the largest and extended into space, with Greek letters at their tips. It was hard to know much about this mandala without Harvey's explication. When I asked him about it later, he would only tell me that it was a mandala, and that the Greek letters stood for "alpha and omega." The star of David may have related to the concept of kingship. (This will be discussed in the final section in John Weir Perry's terms of "sacral kingship" as part of a symbolic process of ego development.)

Jung said, in discussing hexagonal mandalas, "According to tradition the number six means creation and evolution, since it is a coniunctio of 2 and 3 (even and odd = male and female)." ⁸ If this were true here, then perhaps the mandala represented the state of union with the anima in the "beyond". My feeling impression of the mandala was that its energy flowed outwards gently, more gradually than in the others. It seemed more harmonious, less frenetically partitioned, less personal, and more abstract, more genuinely spiritual than Figures 7 and 10. The star suggested eternity, "alpha and omega". Harvey was missing

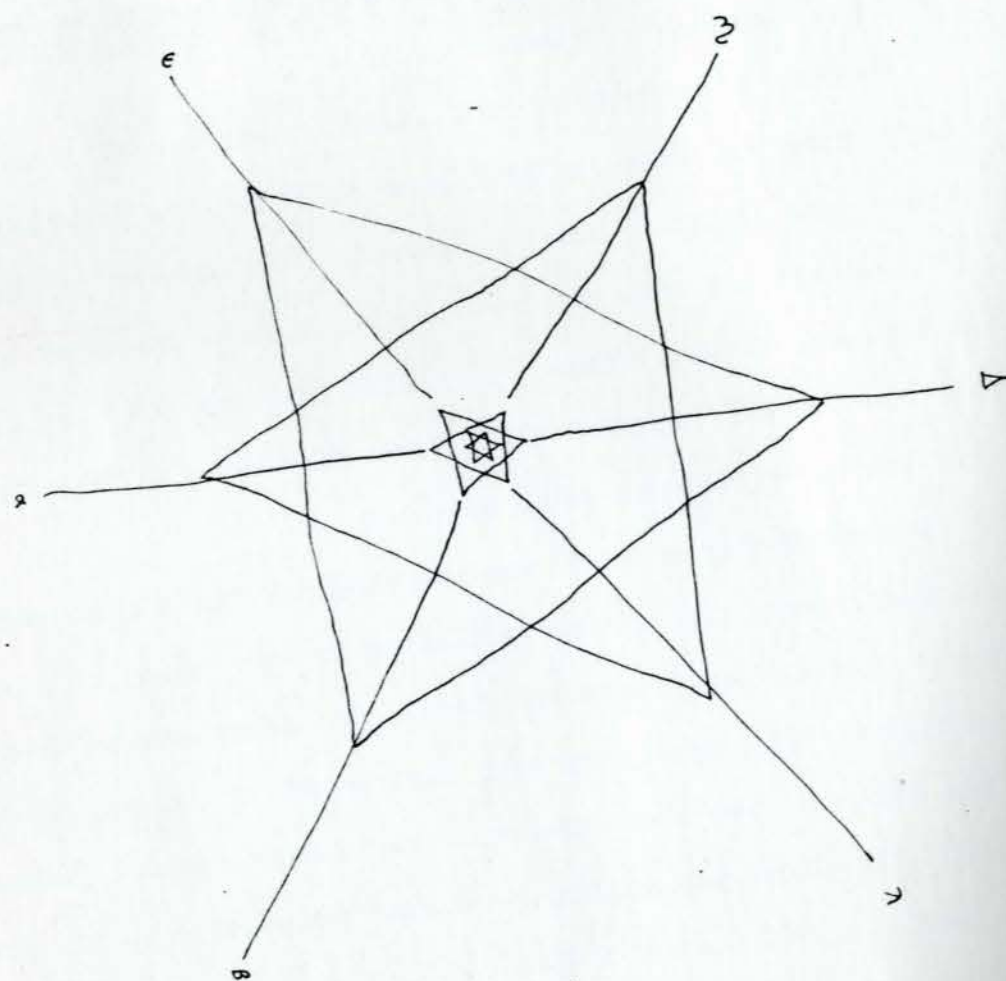


Figure 11

from this picture, his "dead self" was missing from the center. There was simply a star within a star within a star, radiating. Alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. Perhaps it was consoling for him to think about such things.

In my final psychodrama session, we were all lying on the floor being dead. Harvey said "I want to lie next to my dead wife April." He said again that he had thought I was the High Priestess who was going to save him, but that I had "given in to the system", rather than being a lover, which he needed, I had tried to be a therapist. He said that his lovers could save him. "But they have'nt," I said. He returned to his basic refrain; "I need Parnate."

In our last session, Harvey drew four pictures. The first was a circle with a swastika in it and the name of Dr. R. below. She had just told him he would probably stay in the hospital six months. For the second, I asked him to draw the magical woman and how she would heal him. (Figure 12). He drew an amorphous figure - a head and two schematic arms. She had very primitive features - two empty ovals for eyes, a nose, and a crescent for a mouth. A line went from her left eye to Harvey's head (a featureless oval below her). Another corkscrew line went from the top of his head upwards and towards the left. Harvey described this picture by saying that from her "hypnotic eyes" a "line of sight" came towards him. Her hands "merged with his head", she merged with

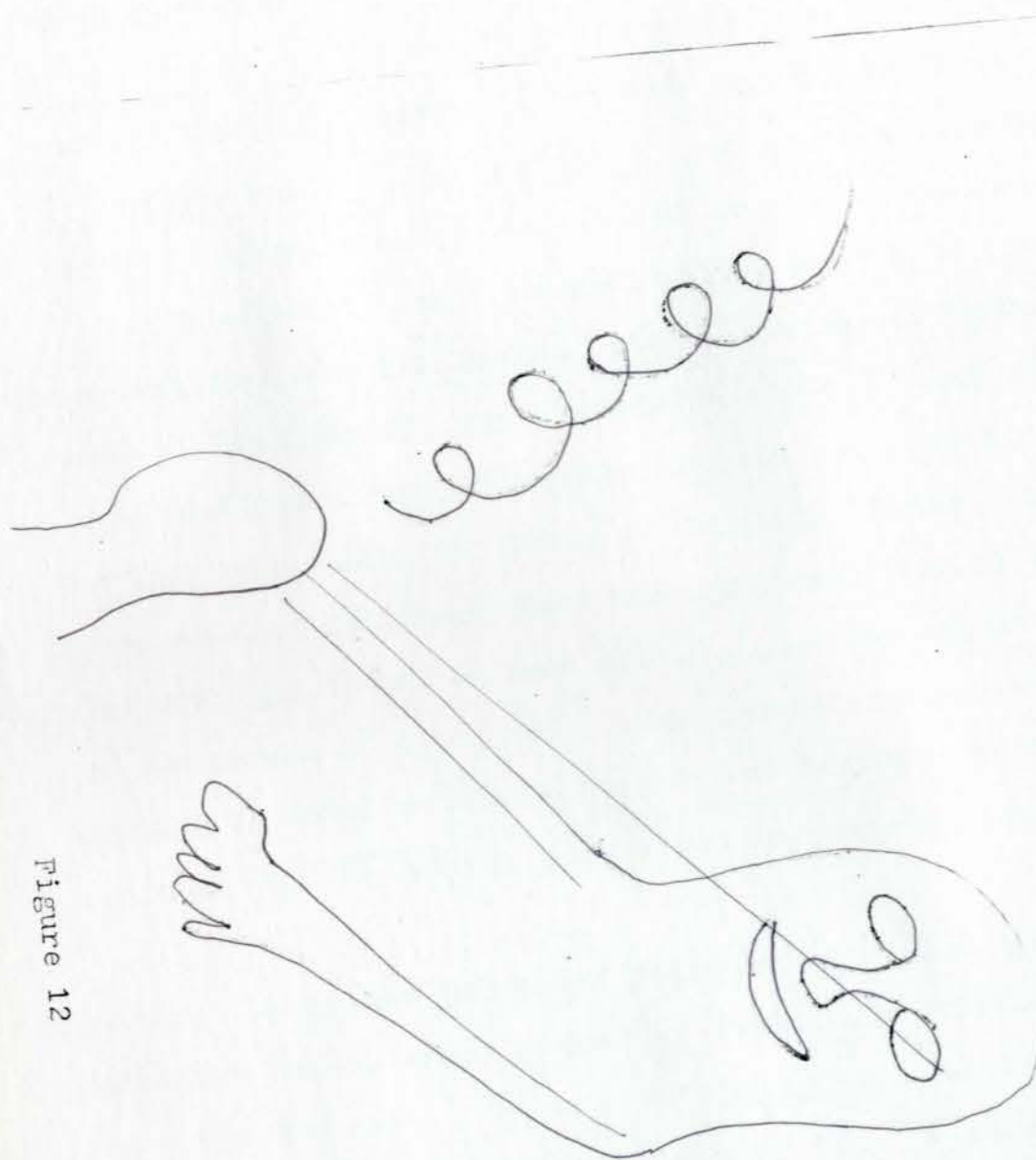


Figure 12

him, and his mind was transported "to the beyond".

This magical maiden was in reality a kind of siren. Her hand merged with his head, and she dominated and controlled him. She saw him, albeit partially (there were no eyeballs in her eyes), while he did not see her. He had no features at all and was entirely passive. He was smaller than she as if he were a child, or she were a goddess. There was no need for him to exist except as a medium for her energy to transform itself. The result of her inspiration was not increased spirituality, or not only that, but also psychosis.

On the other hand, the image of this woman suggested not simply woman, but woman's animus. Her influence came from above and sent his thoughts upwards. There was nothing of the earth element here. The woman was portrayed schematically, with no sensuality; she could even be seen as masculine in appearance. What was emphasized was her "line of sight", i.e. her point of view, her way of seeing things.. Her hand entered Harvey's head to manipulate him at the point where this "line of sight" hit him.. She manipulated him along the same lines as her prevailing views.

According to John Weir Perry, a Jungian who worked extensively with psychotics, an introjection of the mother's animus is often influential in the formation of a psychosis in the child.⁹ More will be said about this concept in the final section.

I asked Harvey if he would do a picture dealing with our relationship. (Figure 13). He drew us as two purple figures, outlined first in pink. A faintly visible pink wall separated us (not visible in the reproduction). I had a dot for an eye and a suggestion of a nose and mouth. Harvey's face was practically concave and featureless. I carried a case of art supplies in my left hand. My right hand was faint, in pink, and reached to the wall (not visible in the reproduction). On the left side of the wall, Harvey stood with his left arm seemingly disappearing into the wall and his right gesticulating upwards, the fingers spread in a huge, mit-like hand. Harvey described this hand as "pointing to the beyond", the same beyond, presumably, where the magic maiden had just sent his mind. I asked him about the wall between us. Harvey replied that I had set it up by not letting him make love to me.

Harvey's left arm, which reached into the wall, met my faintly drawn right one, so that there was contact of a sort. The picture suggested that I was more conscious in the relationship, but was more reserved, more ambivalent than Harvey. The slight backward tilt of my figure implied this reserve. The left arm carrying the art supplies was the weight pulling me backwards from the wall. Was I using the art as a way of protecting myself from being with Harvey? At times this must have been true.

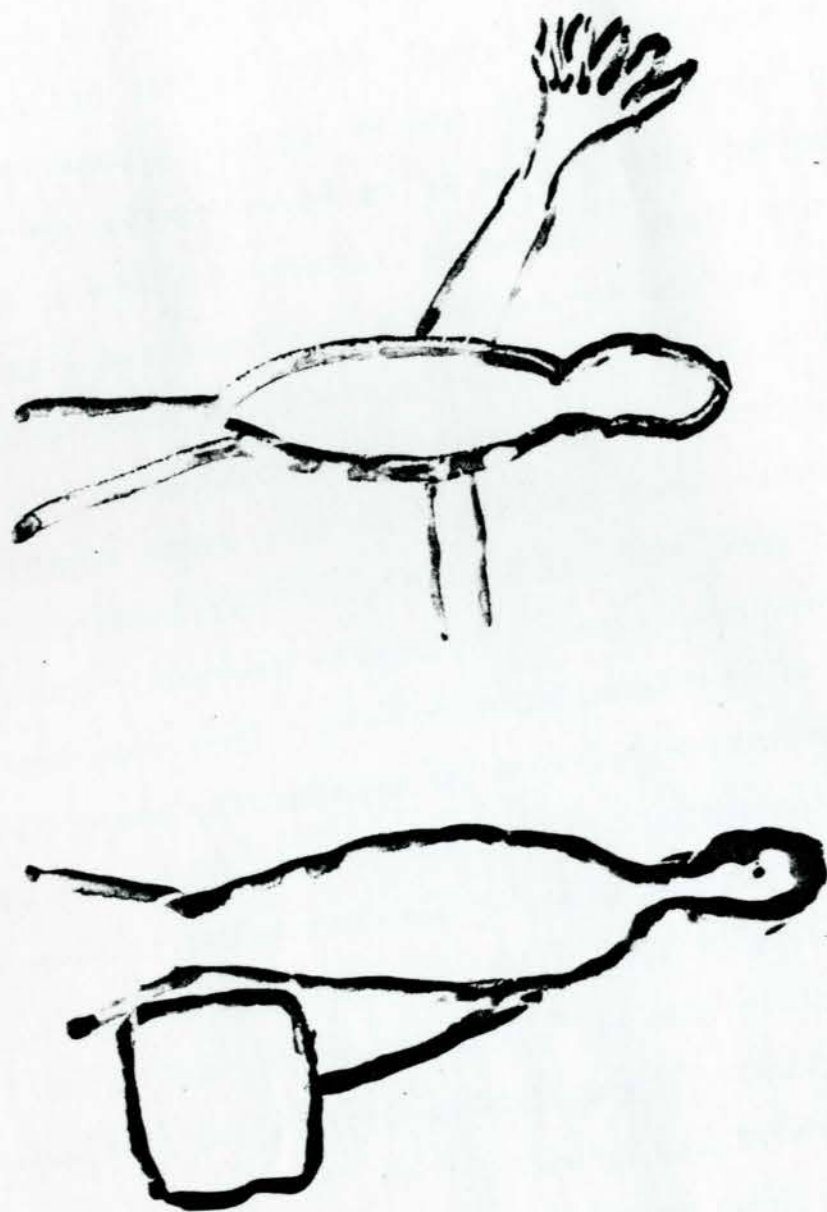


Figure 13

In the picture, he reached strongly backward and away from me with his right, or conscious side, hand and pointed upwards into "the beyond." But this conscious movement, which invited me to enter into his world, was compensated by the slight forward inclination of his body and the straight forward thrust of his left arm, which almost reached through the wall towards me. His arm disappeared around the elbow as it entered the wall. He saw me as not allowing the strong feelings that he had towards me into my space. They became invisible as they entered it. To a certain extent this perception was correct. I was not entirely confident of my ability to correctly handle this strong positive transference. However, there was ambivalence in Harvey's attitude too. On the one hand (quite literally, in the picture) was the transference, reaching towards me, and on the other was his hostility towards me for not being the anima, playing the anima role and entering with him into her realm. This was the frustration and aggression shown in the right hand.

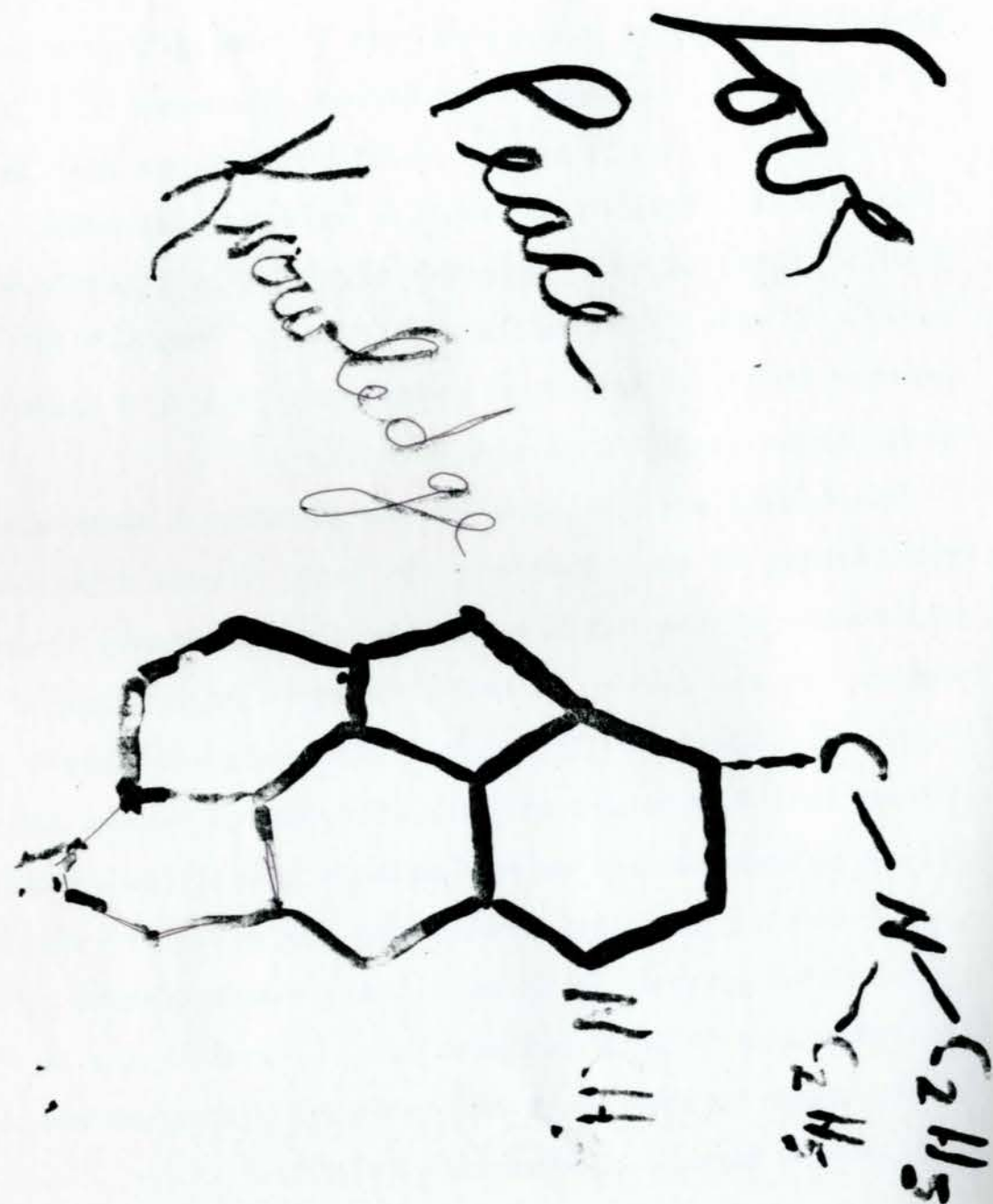
I had done a picture of our relationship too. I drew Harvey as a mandala. In the center was a yellow core which was the painful shadow he had put around his "dead self" in his own mandala, but also potential insight. Around this was a blue circle representing spiritual and intellectual potentialities. Angry red explosions went out from this circle but were stopped by a brown or

copper colored carapace which surrounded the whole, and which I connected to his "golden helmet". A hole on the lower left side of the circle was opened and black waves of depression and negativity flowed downwards to a place I couldn't see or imagine. Above, blue lines went up into the air, spiritual thoughts arising uselessly. I entered the picture from the right, as multicolored waves. I moved towards Harvey's circle, touched it, reacted to it in spikes of color, but failed to penetrate it or really interact with it.

There were similarities in our pictures (done without looking at eachother's). In both, I came from the right side of the picture and moved horizontally towards Harvey, on the left. In both, Harvey's major flow of energy was upwards. The major difference was that I showed him with a secret well of downward moving energy, and he showed himself as moving more intentionally towards me. I did not give him credit for the extent to which he tried to interact with me. And I overestimated my own intention to interact with him. I saw depths in Harvey where he saw heighths. We both saw me as coming from a more conscious direction (right).

As I explained my picture to Harvey, he yawned. He seemed disinterested in my feelings about him, as he had been when I told him about parallels to his personal symbology. He was still unable to have interests outside his personal world.

Harvey's last drawing was of an LSD molecule (Figure 14). Beside it was written "Love, Peace, Knowledge." It seemed to say "Nothing has changed. I shall attain health and spiritual transcendence through biochemistry. All I need is Lithium and Parnate..."



My work with Harvey finished, I was left feeling "What happened?" All along I had been aware that there was much I didn't understand about Harvey and about my own reactions to him. I was frustrated because I felt I wasn't only dealing with Harvey but with the residue from his eighteen years of numberless therapists and therapeutic programs. Harvey was profoundly institutionalized, although he didn't immediately appear so.

He was extremely cynical, with good reason, about his chances of being "helped" by anyone. But he was open to therapy as a form of entertainment on a boring ward. At least this was his attitude on the surface. Underneath, he was extremely fearful, anxious, and depressed. He regarded most of the staff as persecutors, but had a glib faith that someone would appear who would love him and magically cure him. He projected this role onto me, among others, though I often disappointed him by not staying in my assigned part. This annoyed him, and he directed a great deal of anger at me at times. In spite of this, the positive transference held. I also believe Harvey liked me.

My own feelings towards Harvey were complicated. At the beginning I found him irritating. On the surface he seemed so coherent, though irrational, that I expected too much from him in the way of direct communication. I became aware that much of my irritation

came from a shadow projection on my part. Unconsciously, I identified with his stubbornness, his immaturity, and his tendency to float into "the beyond" as an escape from any problem. At the same time, I found Harvey intelligent, interesting, and basically likeable. I enjoyed the time spent with him. He was surprised when I told him that I liked him, and I think it meant something to him.

Initially, I took a confrontational approach with Harvey. He was extremely manic during our first few weeks of working together. Most of his words were concerned with exalted spiritual matters and most of his actions were hostile. All problems, all solutions were externalized. Because my shadow projection was unconscious at that point, I was functioning unconsciously and automatically. The higher he talked, the more confrontational I became. It was an unconscious compensation on my part. This course of action was reinforced by my supervisor and the rest of the staff, who thought that setting limits was the most helpful thing we could do for Harvey.

Gradually, the confrontational approach began to make me uneasy. For one thing, it wasn't working. Harvey only became more defensive, denying and rationalizing the more as he was confronted. For another thing, confrontation fed into his ideas of persecution. And I felt that he was justified in feeling persecuted.

Perhaps I was projecting my shadow reactions onto the staff as well as on Harvey, but several of them seemed to me overtly hostile to him, under the guise of therapeutic confrontation and limit setting.

Harvey was unable to integrate any of his own shadow side, and continual confrontation only reinforced in him a reaction formation against dealing with any negativity. When I spoke to him in a general way about Jung's alchemical idea - that the way to wholeness lay through integrating the shadow - Harvey's reaction was "You want me to wallow in my own excrement!" Usually he projected his negativity only the other patients (the demons in Figure 6) or the staff (the shark in Figure 8, nazis, death's heads, executioners). His self portrait as the devil showed why it was so difficult for him to assimilate his shadow, which had all the force and dimension of absolute evil.

So by and large I stopped confronting Harvey, except occasionally and unconsciously. I was still directive as far as his art work was concerned. I suggested topics for him and made a deal with him to help him study Tarot if he would paint during his withdrawal after the commitment hearing. Although I worried about this, it did not appear to be harmful. Harvey seemed to welcome having a reason to draw again after he had said he would not cooperate with any of the staff. It enabled him to save his pride and yet get moving again. As time went on he

became increasingly relaxed with his art work, more creative, and more specific in choosing subject matter to express what he was going through. He also joined us at times on the screened porch when I worked with other patients, and drew or painted.

I began simply to listen to Harvey, and the emotional tone of our encounters immediately improved. Given his positive transference, I felt that with time this open and listening attitude might have helped. But there was little time, and only small improvement.

Harvey's symbolic system, as evidenced in his pictures, became slightly more incarnated, more personalized. The personalized mandalas (Figures 7 and 10), as opposed to the astrological and magical ones (Figure 2 and the early "astrological mandala" not reproduced), suggested that some tendency towards self awareness was beginning to develop. He approached insight, too, during a psychodrama session when he had himself offered a job, and had to flee after realizing the unreality of the situation. Another time he said "I need Lithium and Parnate, but that's not all there is to it," an unusual admission for him. He was less manic than at the beginning of our time together, though this was probably caused by the Lithium he was taking. He was less abusive of other patients, and in psychodrama even began to show concern for other people at times.

In general, however, there was little outward improv-

ment. The last time I saw him, he was lying on his couch. He told me that he loved me. He said that all he needed was Lithium and Parnate and he would be cured. He was still externalizing his condition ("biochemical" in nature), projecting his emotions (he was entirely loving but was hated and persecuted), and looking for his deliverance outside himself (Guru Maharaji or a magical woman would cure him). It was easy to imagine him repeating this litany, or variations, through forty more hospitalizations.

Dr. R. told me that the plan was to commit him for six months. If he were unchanged, he would be told "O.K., you've won. We're sorry," and he would be released, no doubt to repeat the scenario for the forty-first time. Harvey's psychiatrist was even more pessimistic. He felt that at some point insight would intrude upon Harvey, probably in such a situation or in such a way that no one would be able to help him, and he would kill himself. Another psychologist disagreed, saying sarcastically "He's too full of malice to kill himself."

Marie-Louise Von Franz, in her book The Feminine in Fairytales, made a point which haunted me in relation to Harvey:

"Some people are confronted with amazing experiences of the unconscious, even of the collective unconscious, but on account of certain feebleness of reaction, have no positive results from the experience. In the case of schizophrenics nothing results from even the deepest experience. At the crucial moment where the material should be integ-

rated nothing happens,... In such a case one feels as though one were confronted with a vacuum, it is even like the air. There is astonishing and interesting material, but nothing human behind it."10

At times, I felt this way with Harvey. But then I thought of his anger at Dr. R. when she asked him whether or not he was "tearing". I felt that the anger was not only directed at her for suggesting (to his mind) that his tears were artificial, but was anger at his "illness", which surrounded him with a thick carapace of defense mechanisms and prevented him from ever knowing or expressing an emotion not undermined by ambivalence. I felt that behind Harvey's bland and vaporous exterior, there were intense human emotions - anger, fear, and a strong (though distorted) desire for love.

Fortunately, not everyone finds schizophrenics as hopeless as does Ms. Von Franz. John Weir Perry is a Jungian psychiatrist who has worked with schizophrenics for many years and who has created a center for acute psychotics in San Francisco. His work takes its impetus from one of Jung's ideas about psychosis:

"(In psychosis) the affect has not stopped functioning but has disappeared into the psyche's deepest levels... it may be discerned by way of the imagery in the so called mental content. The task of recovering this lost affect is made particularly difficult in the case of schizophrenia by the fact that the psychotic ideation gives the appearance, at first, of having nothing to do with the personal life of the individual." 11

Perry sees the psychotic process as a form of "reconstruction":

"In the imagery that wells up from the depths of

the psyche, the process is expressed as a dissolution and reconstruction of the affect image of the center, while in its emotional dimension it is experienced as a thoroughgoing transformation of one's feeling about oneself, one's self worth and self image." 12

Perry chooses as staff people who have had psychotic or psychedelic experiences themselves, or who have special abilities for dealing with the unconscious. They find that if they listen to the acute psychotic, (referred to in Perry's works as "the Individual"), and support him during his experience, that the psychotic process can have a beneficent and liberating outcome.

Perry joins the ranks of those blaming mothers for causing schizophrenia, although he does so in a particularly Jungian way. He blames the mother's animus:

"A child who has grown up under the aegis of a mother whom he perceives in this image ("strong, aggressive, and destructive") feels himself contending with a very conditional affection - one that conveys the message that, unless he becomes what she wants of him, or rather, what her animus demands of him, he will lose her altogether (cf. Bateson's double bind). Thus a dubious 'love' is overclouded with the burden of expectation and the guilt of not measuring up." 13

Thinking back to Harvey as a child and his desperate struggle to get into Exeter and Harvard, it certainly seems that he was trying to please, and that his efforts never were sufficient. The guilt resulting from his failure created an extremely negative self image. Later this was usually hidden beneath his habitually arrogant exterior. In his manic states, his fantasy was of being an important person, a Harvard graduate, an important busi-

nessman involved in selling communications satellites to the Chinese, a lover of beautiful women, and friend to the high and mighty. However the other side was visible in his projections onto the other patients. They were ugly, stupid, subhuman, inept, and demonic. Only during his deepest depressions did he identify himself with the devil, and complain that he was ugly, anxious, helpless, childish, and impotent.

If part of Harvey's mother's animus demanded status and accomplishment from him, another part had something entirely different in mind. This was the part which was "fascinated" by his escapades, his "freak" friends, by calling the police, and dealing with psychiatrists. Harvey was conscious of "playing to her" and of her enjoyment of his trickster role - manipulative and deceitful, the rogue lover and game player. This was the Chinese gambler who belonged in the "Empress" Restaurant - the realm of the great mother.

The schizoid child is in what Perry calls the "mother bound state":

"... he is left in later years knowing no alternative other than this negative relation to himself and to parents or parent figures. Nor, given the lack of the feeling function, is there the capacity to recognize the hurt for what it is. He longs for acceptance, yet at one and the same time he expects and disbelieves a rebuff. It is sometimes astonishing to watch this kind of personality gravitate back to the most destructive emotional bonds, as if they were powerful magnets with a fateful inevitability in their capacity to overwhelm all resistance... At the same time, the central archetype of the self remains in the form of

the image of the Divine Child in the arms of the Great Mother, that is, the image of the as yet unfulfilled, still potential, affirmative relation to the mother. Such an individual looks on the world as if it were all a beneficent, surrounding mother who should be yielding love and nurturance, but who instead is found ever and again to disappoint the expectation - inevitably, since the world does not relish the role." 14

Several things in this passage bring Harvey to mind. He, too, expects the worst - hatred and persecution, yet longs for the best - nourishment and deliverance from his suffering with no effort on his part. He hates his parents, yet depends on them utterly, returning to them over and over, and considering an affluent life like theirs his "right." Perry's image of the "destructive emotional bonds" being like magnets corresponds uncannily to Harvey's image of himself as a silvery balloon which can be "warped by the magnets of other people."

The split archetype of the great mother seemed to be experienced by Harvey on the one hand as "dominating, destructive, manipulative, ugly" (his description of Dr. R. and of his mother) and on the other hand as the all giving, beautiful, magical, High Priestess. Every once in a while Harvey gave indications that these two figures were still united for him in his physical mother. At one moment of unusual openness, he said, somewhat wistfully, "The only people who can help me are my parents." Including the mother he usually said he hated. The split could also be seen in his portrait of me (Fig-

ure 3), showing a threatening, big shouldered, sharp featured woman. This was in spite of the fact that his usual description of me was "ethereal", "magical", one whose duty was to heal him with love. In fact, the picture of the "magical woman" healing him (Figure 12) shows a huge, powerful woman totally controlling him.

The weak ego resulting from the mother bound state leads to problems with sexual identity, according to Perry.¹⁵ This can readily be seen in Harvey. One of his first statements to me was that he was an incarnation of the bodhisattva Kuan Yin, a moon Goddess in China and Japan.

The most frequently occurring symbol in his art was the bird of paradise, and his associations to it were "(a Japanese girlfriend), Sony, Sun King, phoenix, the sun goddess who created Japan, the Tarot card The Empress." When I asked what these had in common, he said "love and energy, technical and god." These to him were female attributes which together described god.

In the chain of associations, the Japanese girlfriend established the motif of the idealized oriental woman. Sun gods, in the west, are usually male, as are creator gods. This creative sun goddess is exceptional, and hardly fits in with Harvey's professed image of oriental women as passive, although it has correspondences in the Hindu notion of shakti - female creative energy. Sony, an oriental company associated with "technical" means of

communication - t.v., perhaps is related to this concept or world creation. In this way "technical" matters are associated with god. Harvey identified with this realm of ideas, at times calling himself Harvey Video. The fact that the company is oriental suggests it as foreign, from the other side - the unconscious. But when he called himself Harvey Video, did he see himself as projecting a world or projected by one? Once he rejected that his seeing a woman as Radha was a projection. He said that he wasn't projecting, he was "just totally absorbing."

His self proclaimed duty was to devote himself to oriental women. They are the most feminine and passive, but also, judging from his association, the most powerful and creative. This dichotomy reflects the split between the desired nurturant mother and the powerful animus, between "love and energy". Harvey said that in the west men were too yang. By devoting himself to gentle, yin, oriental women, full of love and ability for healing, Harvey became passive himself. He put himself under their power, to create his world for him. Like Japan, it was a foreign world - to him an unconscious world. But perhaps if he were created by the sun goddess, he would become a "sun king", and rest in the archetype of the great mother and her divine child.

Continuing the series of associations, the phoenix expires in ashes and is born again in flames, as the schizoid child Perry talks about vacillates continually between feeling dead, totally abandoned and destroyed by

the cruel mother, and reborn, magically protected and nurtured by her. The Empress of the Tarot cards, who completes Harvey's series of associations, carries the phoenix on her shield, showing her dominion over death and rebirth. This process in Harvey takes place within her realm, as inside the Empress Restaurant, which he related her.

The sexual ambivalence generated in the "mother bound state" can be experienced as castration. Harvey said at one point that he had no penis, that his penis was a clitoris. A moment later he showed anger at women for this castration by claiming to have raped a woman. In a later session, he said that he was impotent.

Esther Harding writes in her book Woman's Mysteries about men who castrated themselves in order to become priests of the Moon Goddess Cybele, imitating her son Attis, who had done the same.¹⁶ Harvey was in a sense such a priest for the mother. Figure 12 shows the "magical woman" sending her energy through him by the touch of her hand, which enters his head, and her "line of sight." She transported him to "the beyond." He was simply a vehicle for her power, having no potency of his own. He sacrificed himself to the feminine in order to remain in the "Empress's Restaurant."

Intrapsychically, this feminine to which Harvey sacrificed himself was the anima. A series of adjectives

that Jung applied to anima possessed men - "fickle, capricious, moody, uncontrolled and emotional, sometimes gifted with daemonic intuitions, ruthless, malicious, untruthful, bitchy, double-faced, and mystical".
 - took on new meaning to me after knowing Harvey.¹⁷

Perry writes:

"...as the energy potential of consciousness is lowered and that of the unconscious is heightened, inevitably the contrasexual components become activated and even stronger than the ego; that is, the anima in a man and the animus in a woman begin to threaten the soundness of the personality as man or woman. In the man, his passivity tends to become thereby augmented and the assertion of his masculine initiative undermined... The man's anima tends to remain the regnant mother image... The proper role of the anima or animus, as a function-complex mediating the contents of the unconscious to the ego, becomes distorted, or even reversed, tending rather to suppress the ego and draw the ego toward entanglement with the archetypal images and processes." 18

We have already seen how this syndrome was operating in Harvey. Rather than leading towards greater ego integration, Harvey's powerful anima, like a siren, drove him to lose himself in "the beyond."

According to Perry, the schizophrenic's problem with self image goes deeper than ambivalence concerning sexual identity. "The self image," he says, "involves two inter-related systems : the ego's severely damaged view of itself, and the ego's basic affect image, the self, which tends to compensate the debasement with an exalted play of fantasy imagery full of its lost potential."¹⁹ Elsewhere, he amplifies that concept of identification with the self, which he calls "the central archetype":

"There is, under these conditions of activation of the central archetype, a tendency for the ego to identify easily with it in any of its image forms, especially with the royal or divine figures at the position of the world axis. This leads into an inflation, producing delusions of grandeur, of course. It is accompanied by paranoid fears, inasmuch as the royal image of the center is necessarily fated to be attacked by the destructive powers of death, darkness, and chaos, in the typical cosmic conflict. The alternations between the hyperactive and the withdrawn, stuporous phases parallel this imagery directly: in the 'high' phase, the imagery is of the exaltation of the royal figure; in the 'low' phase, that figure is succumbing to sacrifice and descent into death and darkness. One may accurately predict the shift from one phase to the other by the appearance of the imagery." 20

Harvey's drawings charted these highs and lows. At the beginning of our work together he was unable to draw a self portrait except as an "astrological diagram" depicting cosmic forces working for his benefit. On the "high" side were his descriptions of himself as Kuan Yin, as Radha and Krishna (Figure 6), and the Buddha (Figure 5). This last was a transitional figure, since, though the Buddha was a transcendental figure, he was here a sorrowing, persecuted Buddha. On the "low" side were the numerous pictures of himself being tormented - in the electric chair, between a shark's jaws (Figure 8), and as Christ on the cross. As he sunk into the deep "death and darkness" Perry describes, Harvey's resistance to his own negativity seemed to decrease. The persecutory aspect was first projected onto the "devil" patients surrounding Radha and Krishna, and later internalized in his self portrait as the devil (Figure 9). Similarly,

the swastikas which first appeared on staff members' chests in his pictures, later showed up on his own.

Harvey's most frequent symbol, the phoenix (Figure 1), combined the stages of death and rebirth into a cycle. Perry believes that potential for ego integration and development beyond the mother bound state arises through the death rebirth process,²¹ But in Harvey it was difficult to see much evidence of transformation. Rather, there was circular movement, with no real evolution.

In several pictures Harvey showed himself to some extent as a person, not inflated by identification with the self or deflated by persecution. In the "man with a golden helmet" (Figure 4) he showed an awareness that he and the inflated self which he wore were separate. The golden color of his hair in the picture suggested that some feeling of genuine self worth existed beneath this inflated shell. And in his picture of our relationship (Figure 13), in spite of the fact that one of his hands pointed to "the beyond", Harvey leaned towards me, and he was himself, not Christ, Buddha, or the devil.

I do not mean to imply, by the way, that transcendence ("the beyond") or archetypal experience are harmful in themselves. But in order for them to have a positive effect in schizophrenia they must be integrated with ego consciousness.

Perry sees the aim of therapy as helping the psychotic "make connections" between the symbolic images which arise

from within and his emotional concerns:

"I therefore have come to feel that rendering 'interpretations' is not the business of therapy in the psychotic episode. Rather the aim is to enter the Individual's inner world - if invited in that is. When there, if one listens attentively and remembers from day to day, one hears from the Individual in what respect the symbolic imagery, though seeming so far away from life, is actually dealing with issues that belong very much in the troublesome areas of the Individual's emotional concerns." 22

This was more or less the method (or lack of method) I arrived at in my work with Harvey.

According to Perry, the psychotic process proceeds through a series of symbols which he has grouped into ten categories: 1. The Center, 2. Death, 3. Return to Beginnings, 4. Clash of Opposites, or Cosmic Conflict, 5. Reversal of Opposites or Threat of Opposite, 6. Apotheosis, 7. The Union of Opposites or Sacred Marriage, 8. New Birth, 9. The Renewed Society, and 10. The Quadrated World. 23 These images do not neatly occur in order, but alternate and only over time form a progression.

Some of Harvey's pictorial and verbal expressions fell into these categories. For example:

1. The Center - Harvey's mandalas. (Figures 2, 7, 10, and 11).
2. Death - His paintings of himself between the jaws of a shark (Figure 8), in the electric chair, on the cross. His "dead self" mandala (Figure 7).
3. Return to the Beginnings - His description of himself

as "boyish"; the childlike quality implied in his utter dependence on woman.

4. Cosmic Conflict or the Clash of Opposites - Radha and Krishna surrounded by demons (Figure 6); his many images, verbal and pictorial, of himself as persecuted, such as the "weeping Buddha", persecuted by psychiatrists (Figure 5).

5. Threat of Opposite or the Reversal of Opposites - his fantasies and pictures of the destructive woman (Figures 3,8); his fantasy of his penis becoming a clitoris; his fantasy of raping a woman; his overt hostility to women; his need to "devote himself" to the feminine.

6. Apotheosis - his identification with Buddha, Christ, Radha and Krishna, Kuan Yin, the "sun king", and "sun goddess".

7. Sacred Marriage or the Union of Opposites - his picture of Radha and Krishna; his fantasies of marriage to me as the mystical nurturing and healing mother/lover.

8. New Birth - none.

9. New Society - none.

10. Quadrated World - perhaps implied in one mandala (Figure 10), a quadrated mandala - most of his were based on a division into six.

In spite of the fact that Harvey's symbolic world revolved around this process of world destruction and creation, there was no "new birth" and no "new society."

Only once did Harvey mention the notion of "sacral king-

ship", which Perry sees as representing the "renewed self."²⁴ This was when he spoke of the "sun king" in his associations to the phoenix (Figure 1).

However, he did draw two mandalas featuring a star of David. Although he would provide no associations to the star of David, it is possible that on some level he related it to King David and the idea of kingship. One of the mandalas (Figure 2) was done at the beginning of our work together and showed a star of David inside a thick red circle with astrological symbols and telephone numbers on the outside. The second (Figure 11) was done during our last few days together. It was actually three stars of David inside one another, with lines of energy radiating outwards towards greek letters which Harvey said stood for "alpha and omega". Assuming that the stars were connected to the idea of kingship and a renewed sense of self, then it seemed possible that a revelation and expansion of self had gone on during the time between the two pictures. Or was this simply an inflation? Without Harvey's associations, there was no way to know.

Unfortunately, when relating any of Perry's concepts to Harvey's situation, it must be remembered that his work has been almost entirely with young, acute psychotics in their first episodes. In a chronic schizophrenic, such as Harvey, the play of symbolic material apparently becomes less disturbing, more habitual, and less likely to

be integrated with consciousness. The frightening turmoil of the acute episode, with its life or death necessity for transformation of the personality, is in the past. Rather than spiraling towards increased consciousness, the symbolic process begins merely to circle.

Harvey's inner images were important to him, but not as inner images. To him they were entirely outside. He believed that the magical woman would somehow appear, outside of him, to cure him. Or a magical drug would do the same. (Archetypally these ideas were related. Soma, the original hallucinogen in many parts of the world, was mythologically the son of the great mother as moon tree.)²⁵ Similarly, Harvey's destruction came only from outside. The people around him, the sadistic, Nazi staff and demon patients, were responsible for his depression, his claustrophobia, for his being in the hospital at all. The dominating, destructive woman was also outside, as his mother and as Dr. R.

For Perry, this "exteriorization" in a psychotic is the reason for failure of the symbolic process to evolve in the direction of a more integrated personality. He says "If the Individual's attention style is such that he shows himself almost incapable of doing anything but exteriorizing his inner contents in the paranoid mode, it may then turn out that medication and the setting of limits and controls may be the only recourse."²⁶ This

description of a "paranoid, exteriorizing, attention style" unfortunately fit Harvey all too well. However, since "medication and setting of limits and controls" had already been tried throughout forty hospitalizations, I felt I had nothing to lose in trying another approach. Perry's concepts were helpful in understanding Harvey's symbolic life. His suggestions for therapeutic methods were helpful as well, but I felt as if their efficacy with Harvey would in the long run be questionable.

Another Jungian, Jeffrey Satinover, has written a fascinating paper called "The Narcissistic Basis of the Puer and Puella Personality Structure", which I found pertinent to Harvey's situation. I shall briefly paraphrase some of his ideas and then deal with their applications to Harvey.

Pueri, of course, are not usually psychotic. According to Satinover, gifted and productive individuals are found among this type, as well as the "lazy" "eternal children" of the stereotype, living in potentiality and avoiding limitation and responsibility.²⁷ Pueri are characterized by a "weak ego structure."²⁸ Satinover disagrees that they always come from "smothering mothers" as others have suggested, saying that in his experience they equally often come from negative mothers.²⁹ The cause of trouble is parental "oversupport" or "attack".³⁰ Attack directly diminishes sense of self, oversupport prevents formation of a realistic self image, so leads indirectly

to fragmentation.³¹ It is not the puer's masculinity which is attacked by the mother, but his "sense of self as a separate individual."³² Because of this there is no stable sense of identity, and "there is opposition amongst the various parts of the psyche."³³ There is also "a disturbed capacity to reflect on one's self."³⁴ The puer "turns outwardly to gain an experience of who he is rather than performing that act inwardly."³⁵ Because he has no sense of identity, he spends his life in "constant, repeated, selfish-seeming efforts to obtain what he lacks."³⁶ He alternates between an attempt to constellate the self in its childhood grandeur and a state of fragmentation.³⁷ "All the puer's behaviors stem from the search for the reconstellation of the childhood self."³⁸

This vacillation, according to Satinover, is manifested in the unconscious in dreams and fantasies of flying and crashing, and in life by flight behavior.³⁹ There is often a mechanistic element to this flight/crash process, which shows that it is out of control.⁴⁰ "The cycling back and forth of the Self has at its archetypal core the image of the savior god, of the dying and resurrecting god."⁴¹ And when the self fragments, the person will identify with a particular archetype as a defense.⁴²

Satinover noticed in attempting to treat pueri and puelli that "confrontation" and "quests for enhanced imaginative ability" both failed.⁴³ In contradistinction to Perry's work with psychotics, Satinover found that

in working with pueri amplification of archetypes simply reinforced their defense, the identification with the archetype.⁴⁴ Neither a reductive or a synthetic approach worked.⁴⁵ What was important was concentration on the relationship between therapist and client, enabling the puer to become objectively aware of himself.⁴⁶

This material was very interesting in relation to Harvey. He was in many ways a classic puer aeternus. He even described himself as "boyish", and said that he hadn't changed since the second grade. Harvey's mother was apparently negative and smothering. At least Harvey perceived her as dominating and destructive. And both parents continually overprotected him, never leaving him to fend for himself. By his own admission, Harvey refused to try to arrange a way to support himself, insisting that he had a right to live with the status of his parents. And he preferred an imaginary potential to a limited reality. He often hinted, as did his mother, at the wonderful things he would do someday..

Harvey's deep concern with identity and the fact that his identity was "continually shifting" could be seen by simply putting together some of his statements about himself. For example:

"I am Kuan Yin.", "I identify with my father.",
 "My self is dead.", "I used to look boyish, but now
 I am ugly.", "I am the devil.", "I am like Christ.",
 "I am a weeping Buddha.", "What is important is to
 merge ego boundaries.", "You have to see me expanded
 to know what I am.", "I don't have a penis, I have a

clitoris.", "I'm not a drug addict, and I'm not gay.", "My ego ran away with me when I threatened my father.", "I am the people I love.", "I am a luminous silver bubble which can be warped by the magnet of other people.", "I must devote myself to yin.", "I am irrelevant."

In spite of all these statements, in therapy Harvey's inability to reflect on himself was striking. His continual exteriorizing was an outward consequence of this.

Satinover's description of the puer as living the cycle of a dying and resurrecting god, from the "inflated grandeur of the childhood self" to fragmentation, and back, was pertinent to Harvey. His positive phases were characterized on the ward by bragging and flouting his "superiority". Like a child, he had to be the center of attention. "You have to see me expanded to know what I am," he said. In his "dying" phase, he was Christ on the cross, or himself in the electric chair, or between the jaws of the shark. During these episodes, he lay on the couch, and reacted angrily, if at all.

The image of flying and crashing was central to Harvey's symbolic system, incarnated in the form of the phoenix. In his behavior, it showed up not only in his highs and lows, but in his flight behavior. He ran away from school, home, hospital, wherever he happened to be. The mechanistic quality of flight, too, was present. The phoenix replaced the ship in his drawings because airplanes were able to "go over obstacles". His exteriorization was mechanistic too. All good would come

from outside, and if it did not come mystically it would come biochemically. At times it would do both - the High Priestess would bring him Parnate, and LSD would transport him to "the beyond." One of the last things Harvey said to me was "I'm still going to wait for a deus ex machina."

Satinover's assessment of various therapy techniques seemed substantiated in my work with Harvey. Confrontation did not work and neither did the amplification of images that Perry proposed. My feeling at the end of my work with Harvey was that our therapeutic relationship held promise, but that was perhaps all that did. Whether a strong, supportive relationship would have enabled Harvey to get to know himself in an objective fashion and develop a sense of himself remained very much to be seen. Whether my hopes lay in the area of our relationship because of a valid intuition or simply because I needed to have hopes I didn't know.

Satinover's article was not about schizophrenia. Yet it seemed in many ways both simpler and more to the point than Perry's works in my attempts to conceptualize what was happening inside Harvey and in our work together. Yet finally I was left with a feeling of not knowing.

I wished that I had had more time with him. In a way, we were just beginning when we had to stop. At any rate, I felt that after four months I had developed the right attitude towards him and was open to what he wanted to

communicate to me. He had a positive transference and, it seemed, was beginning to trust me. Though I needed to work on how to handle the transference, its existence seemed a positive sign.

It is impossible to know what would have happened if we had had more time. Perhaps nothing. Perhaps it was the height of egotism on my part to assume that after forty hospitalizations and god knows how many therapists had failed to nudge Harvey out of his vicious circle, I would be any different. Perhaps this was simply the wall of "chronicity" against which I would have beat my head for however long we worked together.

Yet the unconscious continued its tireless circling, often in ways destructive to Harvey's potential for ego integration, but always coming up with a new tone to an emotion, a new aspect to an image. And it seemed possible that somehow, at some point, a spark of consciousness could turn this circling into a spiral - the evolution of Harvey as himself.

15. Ibid., p. 48.
16. Esther Harding, Woman's Mysteries (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1971), pp. 141 - 142.
17. Jung, "Concerning Rebirth", The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious, p. 124.
18. Perry, Roots of Renewal in Myth and Madness, pp. 48 - 49.
19. Ibid., p. 62.
20. Perry, The Far Side of Madness, p. 35.
21. Perry, Roots of Renewal in Myth and Madness, p. 62.
22. Perry, The Far Side of Madness, p. 162.
23. Ibid., p.29 and Roots of Renewal in Myth and Madness, pp. xi. - xii.
24. Ibid. p. 11.
25. Harding, Woman's Mysteries, p. 230.
26. Perry, The Far Side of Madness, p. 157.
27. Jeffrey Satinover, "The Narcissistic Basis of the Puer and Puella Personality Structure", Proceedings of the Interregional Society of Jungian Analysts, Austin, Texas, October, 1978, p. 3.
28. Ibid., p.3.
29. Ibid., p.4.
30. Ibid., p. 12.
31. Ibid., p. 13.
32. Ibid., p.12.
33. Ibid., p.6.
34. Ibid., p.9.
35. Ibid., p. 10.
36. Ibid.
37. Ibid., p. 13.

38. Ibid., p. 14.
39. Ibid., p. 15.
40. Ibid., p. 16.
41. Ibid., p. 17.
42. Ibid., p. 18.
43. Ibid., p. 4.
44. Ibid., p. 19.
45. Ibid., p. 21.
46. Ibid.



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